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SPRING BOOKS SUPPLEMENT

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The Trial of Aneurin Bevan

THE jury being divided, the case of Aneurin Bevan now goes to the Party's Supreme Court of Appeal. It will be decided next Wednesday morning by the 28 members of Labour's National Executive. That, in effect, is the result of what happened at the Parliamentary Labour Party this week. Despite the warnings of Mr. Attlee, Mr. Griffiths and Mr. Dalton, the Shadow Cabinet had apparently obtained information from the Whips which encouraged them to believe that they could obtain a vote sufficiently large to rid themselves once and for all of Aneurin Bevan. To make quite sure of an overwhelming majority, Mr. Attlee was put up to present the case for the prosecution. It was his function to state that an adverse verdict was required as a matter of confidence in his leadership and to make it clear that no amendment of any kind was acceptable to the Shadow Cabinet. But the plan miscarried. Despite the pressure to which the Labour M.P.s were subjected, Mr. Fred Lee's amendment—which severely censured Mr. Bevan and then called on the Party to unite against the Tories—was defeated only by the derisory majority of 14 votes; and the withdrawal of the Whip was then carried by a mere 29. Bidden to make an unreal and unnecessary choice between Mr. Attlee and Mr. Bevan, nearly half the Parliamentary Labour Party obstinately adhered to the common-sense view that the Labour Party needs both of them.

There can be little doubt that a big factor in this surprising result was the impression that Mr. Bevan's undisciplined behaviour on the floor of the House was really of secondary importance, and that a powerful Right-wing clique had seized upon it as a pretext for a wholesale purge of the Left. That impression was strengthened by the behaviour of Mr. Deakin and Mr. Williamson, the General Secretaries of the two big general workers' unions. First they announced mysterious increases in their affiliated membership sufficient to ensure Mr. Gaitskell's re-election as Treasurer of the Labour Party, even if one of the big unions turned against him. Then both issued peremptory statements declaring Mr. Bevan guilty before the trial even began. Mr. Gaitskell's week-end speech followed closely along this line; and by the beginning of this week, middle-of-the-road M.P.s began to feel that their very genuine loyalty to Mr. Attlee, as the one man who can keep the two wings of the Party together, was being exploited. A campaign which began with the expulsion of Mr. Bevan would probably end with the discovery that it was time for Mr. Attlee to retire and give place to younger and more vigorous men.

After this drawn battle in Parliament, what will the Party's National Executive do? It is quite wrong to assume that the presence of 12 trade union representatives makes the issue a foregone conclusion. When the debate on German rearmament was transferred from the Palace of Westminster along Millbank to Transport House, it was revealed that a surprising number of the trade union representatives had no relish for Mr. Morrison's plan of forcing this unpalatable medicine down the throat of the Party. Apart from political considerations, most trade union leaders are unwilling to take what they regard as unnecessary political decisions, especially when they know that these decisions will cause endless disruptions in their own unions. It is not impossible that next week the National Executive, after studying what happened at the Parliamentary Party, will draw the conclusion that the real wish of that body was to reprove Mr. Bevan, but not to see him expelled. In that case, they will be content to note that he no longer receives the Whip, and will take no further action—the course they followed

when six M.P.s were disciplined for forcing a division on the ratification of the Paris Agreements.

This would be the course of prudence. If it is not taken, only one conclusion will be possible. The expulsion of Mr. Bevan, following on such an inconclusive vote of the Parliamentary Party, would make it clear that his powerful enemies have coldly decided to accept electoral defeat in order to smash the Left-wing opposition in the unions and in the constituency parties. They would be responsible for a factional war which could last for years and disintegrate the industrial, as well as the political, side of the Labour Movement. It is to be hoped, now that a second chance has been given, that those who talk so much about unity, and appeal so loudly for loyalty to Mr. Attlee, will heed his advice. They should realise that the Labour Party is not a mere political machine in which discipline can be enforced ruthlessly by mechanical majorities. It is a living organism, which needs plenty of Socialist blood in its veins if it is to regain its vigour and fight with any chance of success the election which must come this year.

On the Wages Front: Coal—

Noteworthy wages agreements have to be recorded in the coal mining and engineering industries. The mining agreement is not yet complete: new rates for piece-workers—mainly colliers at the face—have still to be fixed. But so far as day-wage men, underground and surface, are concerned, the settlement represents a commendable effort to eliminate anomalies and establish a rational wage-structure. Between them, the N.C.B. and the N.U.M. have done a good piece of work: having reduced 6,000 jobs known by different names in different coal fields to a more manageable list of 350 distinct trades, they have produced a schedule of 16 wage rates applicable to clearly defined grades. As a result, the minimum wage will rise by 11s. 6d. a week: some day-wage men, whose task is upgraded, will receive substantial advances, while those now receiving wages at or in excess of the top limit for their grade will not get any increase. Complete uniformity throughout the coal fields will, of course, be secured only gradually, as men retire; but a big step has been taken to tidying up the confused wage structure in the industry. The cost to the N.C.B. will be £13m. a year.

—and Engineering

The smoothness with which agreement on a wage advance in the engineering and shipbuilding industries was reached came as a surprise; for, on previous occasions, the employers had exploited delaying tactics to the full. The unions had asked for 15s. a week for skilled and 10s. for unskilled workers, and had also proposed a new grading scheme recognising three or more intermediate groups of semi-skilled workers. The settlement provides for a wages increase of 11s. a week for skilled, 9s. 6d. for semi-skilled and 8s. for unskilled grades of men—leaving the advances to women still to be settled. The question of instituting a new wages structure in the industry has been deferred; it will obviously have to be introduced gradually, but the mining agreement may give the engineering industry a lead. The employers' readiness, this time, to make concessions was doubtless in part an after-effect of the recent advance to railway workers. This has clearly influenced, too, the negotiations in the building industry, where the unions were demanding an additional 4d. They have got 2½d. per hour.

Farm Prices

Once again the Farm Price Review has awarded a generous hand-out to large-scale efficient farmers. An additional £28m. has been granted in higher prices next year, as compensation for last year's bad weather—a flagrant departure from the principles hitherto applied in Price Reviews, and one which even the Government admits is "a dangerous precedent." One of the paradoxical results of ill-planned subsidies has been that an agricultural expansion designed to save imports by growing more at home has added a burden of £55m. to the balance of payments, to pay for 2 million tons of extra feed imports. The short-run remedy, in line with the raising of the Bank rate, would have been to damp down the excessive demand for feed by reducing the subsidies for live stock products. Indeed, the Government had a clear case, on economic grounds, for a stiff reduction in the prices of milk, pig meat and eggs; both because supplies are outrunning demand, and because it is those products that have caused the drain on the balance of payments. But, instead of being reduced, pig prices are to remain the same—a notional reduction of 2s. 6d. a score being offset by an automatic increase to meet higher feed prices—and the guaranteed prices of milk and eggs have actually gone up in compensation for last year's weather, though farmers are warned not to increase production at these prices. Will the next stage in farm subsidy policy be to pay farmers not to produce unwanted milk, pigs and eggs, in order to save imports of feed? The fact is that, in a planned economy complete with import controls such as prevailed in 1947, guaranteed prices designed to stimulate rapid expansion had a clear justification. But lavish subsidies and uneconomic farm prices in 1955 ill accord with Mr. Butler's disinflationary policy.

The Obscene Publications Bill

The Obscene Publications (Consolidation) Bill, introduced in the Commons by Mr. Roy Jenkins on Tuesday, contained as originally drafted a section dealing with Horror Comics. The Government's action, however, in presenting its own Bill on that subject has confronted Parliament with two separate Bills. Mr. Jenkins's Bill, the main purpose of which is to relax an existing censorship, is in fact strengthened by not containing even a hint of a new one; and there is no inconsistency, as the two Bills now stand, in giving full support to both, provided certain libertarian safeguards attach to both. The outstanding anomaly in the present obscenity law—the fact that it turns to the mind of the adolescent for its test of culpability—becomes the special virtue of the Children and Young Persons (Harmful Publications) Bill. And the safeguards suggested by Mr. Jenkins in his speech on the latter Bill a fortnight ago would, in our view, meet all reasonable objections to it. Inescapably, the liberation of literary expression and the protection of the young are related problems, but they are best treated separately.

NEXT WEEK

Elder Brother

Profile of a Prime Minister, with caricature by VICKY

Re-assessment

A. J. P. Taylor on Hobson's *Imperialism*

Towards Ratification

By proposing to the Government in Vienna that there should be direct "preliminary negotiations" between Austria and the U.S.S.R. on all points outstanding in the draft State treaty—an offer combined with the suggestion that the negotiations should logically lead to a Four-Power Conference on the rearmament of Germany as a danger to Austrian independence—Mr. Molotov has put the Austrian Government in an awkward position. To refuse this proposal means once more disappointing Austrian hopes of an evacuation of foreign troops; to accept would be to flout the wishes of both Washington and London. Whether Mr. Molotov hoped by this manœuvre to delay ratification of the Paris Agreements is a moot point. It looks, in fact, as if he is too late. Ratification has now been voted in the Italian Senate by 139 votes to 82; and the submissiveness with which the Free Democrats—despite continuing protests from the pro-German parties in the Saar—have come to heel at the crack of Dr. Adenauer's whip suggests that the Agreements will be ratified in the Bundesrat by a comfortable majority. Even in Paris, *L'Express* has felt compelled to predict that, on present indications, the Senate will probably vote, perhaps by a bare majority, in favour of ratification after next week's debate.

Disruption in Indo-China

The situation in Laos has been temporarily eased by the cease-fire agreement between the Government and the Pathet Lao rebels in control of the two northern provinces. Elections, in which Pathet Lao will participate, are to be held, with a view to uniting the country, next autumn—approximately the time when the postponed Cambodian elections are now to take place. Meanwhile in South Vietnam confusion grows worse. With Bao Dai still firmly preferring residence at Cannes to involvement in the politics of his State, the private armies of the sects are now at more or less open war with the troops loyal to the Prime Minister, Ngo Dinh Diem. He still appears to be the white-haired boy of the U.S. State Department, and officially he enjoys French support; but there are continuing American complaints that the French, with all their commercial interests in Hanoi at stake, are much too inclined to "play ball" with the Viet Minh. It is scarcely surprising that a French parliamentary committee,

now back in Paris after a visit to Saigon, is reported to have predicted a sweeping Communist victory if the elections are held next year, as the Geneva Agreements provide.

Political Conflict in Nyasaland

Under the proposed new constitution for Nyasaland, Europeans, Asians and Coloureds are to elect six members of the Legislative Council on a common roll. The Africans get only five seats—all to be occupied by nominated members. The Europeans are indignant at being grouped together with Asians, and the Asians complain that the franchise qualifications will give all the seats to Europeans. Mr. P. K. Brereton, a Federal M.P., is demanding that the Government give a clear statement of what the constitutional position is to be in ten, fifteen or twenty years' time. The Africans would also like to know; for the Nyasaland African Congress has demanded parity of representation for Africans and non-Africans, elections for African as well as other members, and representation on the Executive Committee. In East Africa there are already three forms of parity—equality between African and non-African in Uganda, between European and non-European in Kenya, and equal representation for each of the three races in Tanganyika. What everyone now wants to know is where British colonial policy in political representation is leading.

NEW YORK

Disunited Democrats

Our New York Correspondent writes: After nearly three months of control of both houses of Congress, the Democratic Party has been unable to develop the cohesion it needs for effective opposition to the Administration. No strong leadership has emerged and the various factional interests within the party remain as splintered as ever. It is of course difficult to maintain unity within a legislative group if control of the Executive is in other hands. In addition, Adlai Stevenson, the titular head of the party, has virtually abdicated his position and returned to the private practice of law. His personal representative, Stephen Mitchell, has resigned as national chairman with the rumoured intention of ultimately standing for Governor of Illinois. His successor, Paul Butler, has yet to show whether he is capable of smoothing over the fundamental ideological differences that have traditionally plagued the Democrats.

The team spirit is further impaired by the manœuvring that is already under way to settle the problem of a party nominee in next year's election. Political arithmetic is the order of the day. The unknown factor is Eisenhower's intention. Most observers assume that, despite his reluctance, he will be prevailed upon to try for a second term. And it is a further assumption that nobody could beat him. But things could change radically before November, 1956. Younger Senators, such as Symington or Kefauver, might be prepared to go down fighting next year in order to establish their titular leadership and the right to try again four years later. The Southern bloc might push one of its own number for similar reasons. Outside the Senate, Governor Harriman, fresh from his victory in displacing the entrenched Dewey machine in New York State, is increasingly being mentioned as a possibility. And Stevenson should not finally be counted out. Nominally he is the titular leader and still the outstanding national figure in the Democratic Party. He may be laying low right now so as not to play himself out.

Meanwhile, the Democrats in Congress have been unable to find an issue on which they all agree and with which they can oppose the Administration. Speaker Sam Rayburn came up with a proposed income tax reduction, designed to appeal to the lower income groups, and pushed it through the House of Representatives. But it is now stymied in the Senate primarily because of the opposition of two senior, conservative Democrats, Senators Byrd and George. The Democrats have had potent issues in the open divisions within the Administration ranks over foreign economic and Defence policy, but they have failed to exploit them. Above all, although they have toyed with the idea in private of opposing the Administration's China policy, they have never quite been able to bring themselves to say this out loud in public. Going-it-alone on Quemoy and Matsu does not appeal to them, but only Harriman has had the courage to say so.

CHILE

Economic Unification

A South American Correspondent writes: Since Chile and Bolivia signed the Treaty of Arica at the end of January, the way has been clear for a form of economic union. The treaty—which ended the long feud dating from Chile's seizure of Bolivia's outlet to the Pacific—provided for reciprocal tariff reductions, shared capital investment in a number of important projects (including a new highway from Bolivia to the sea at Arica, and a huge pipe line which will bring Bolivian oil to the port of Iquique) and pledged the two countries to co-ordinate their economies.

Chile and Argentina already had a similar agreement, signed by Presidents Ibanez and Peron in February, 1953, at Santiago: the new treaty thus set up a three-nation group pledged to economic integration—a trend which may help reduce the dependence of these raw-material producers upon Europe and the U.S. and, at the same time, assist their industrialisation and ensure that their limited capital investment is complementary rather than competitive. Argentina has grain, meat, timber and light industry; Chile and Bolivia have copper, tin, nitrates, coal and oil, and Chile's development of Andean hydro-power should help meet the growing demand for electricity. Under President Estenssoro, Bolivia has begun to catch up with the modern world: the tin mines have been nationalised, some land has been distributed to the peasants and the educational system improved, while, to Bolivia's present highway and railway projects, President Peron, it is rumoured, may add a strip of Argentine territory giving Bolivia an outlet to the River Plate.

Though Washington is not too favourably inclined towards such economic integration—the Administration believes that private rather than public capital is the proper means for developing the Southern republics—the three countries, all of which have radical regimes, see in this mutual aid a means of strengthening their economic and political independence. Chile, especially, resented U.S. opposition at the Rio Conference last November to her "Maschke Plan," which would have set up an Inter-American Bank to allocate available capital resources among the member republics; the U.S., the Chileans discovered, wished to see new resources developed by foreign concessionnaires rather than by State enterprises. Ibanez, Peron and Estenssoro all have rather odd records, but each of them seems to be moving towards the Left; State Socialism may be the only way to ensure independence from Washington.

WESTMINSTER

The Coming of Spring?

At ten minutes past ten on a fine Monday evening, with the promise of Spring fresh in the air outside the Chamber, the Parliamentary Labour Party filed through the Lobby in impressive unanimity. They were voting *against* a Government proposition that high-level talks were inadmissible until the Paris Treaties had been ratified. The corollary of this must be that they voted *for* high-level talks prior to ratification. This proposition had been rejected by the Party a few weeks previously when the frosts were heavy on the ground. Admittedly the vote on Monday was in censure of the Government for its failure to press towards disarmament, and was not primarily concerned with Germany. But in his opening speech, which was, according to pattern, terse, peremptory and brief, Mr. Attlee made no attempt to pretend that high-level talks were possible without discussing Germany.

What, then, was all the fuss about a fortnight ago, when Members were censured for putting some such motion on the Order Paper? The complaint then was, justifiably, about a breach of Party discipline. But it is the essence of leadership to forestall indiscipline as well as to reprimand it. This particular breach could, and should, have been forestalled by reasonable adjustment between party comrades, especially as there was only a scintilla of difference in emphasis between the two sides. The rigidity of the Party leadership in the past few months has, however, been more a product of Bevanism than a cause of Bevanism. This does not make it excusable. But making allowance for the testy atmosphere of a jaded Parliament, it makes it more understandable. One must insist, therefore, whatever happens to Mr. Bevan, that the softer, more Spring-like atmosphere shall predominate in future.

The debate on Monday was undistinguished. Sir Winston Churchill hit the bottom again with a long, tedious apologia. The debate was brought to life by the back benches; by Dick Crossman, Fred Peart, Roy Mason and, in particular, by Bob Mellish, who more than any other Member conveys the passionate sincerity of the ordinary bloke worried about the future of his children. Philip Noel Baker delivered a carefully documented charge that the Government had not really been active in disarmament. The chief interest during his speech lay in watching Mr. Anthony Nutting who, as Minister of State, represents Britain on the Disarmament Committee now meeting in London. He oohed! and ahed! He shook his head and turned his eyes upwards—for all the world like a factory lass calling heaven to witness the injustice of the foreman.

The grimmest note came when Eden got down to business. Clement Attlee had proposed that further nuclear experimental explosions should be banned. This was possible, he argued, on the grounds that a breach of the ban could be immediately detected by remote surveillance, as suggested by Oppenheimer and other nuclear scientists some time ago. Eden had to tell the House that science has once more taken matters beyond the point of easy control. Future nuclear experiments are no longer dependent on a culmination in explosion. The bang could be banned, but this would not halt the development of bigger and more destructive weapons. There remains advantage in banning the bang, if only in order to prevent any further increase in global radio-activity. But, a small half-hope having gone, the urgency of full and comprehensive agreement becomes so much the greater.

WILFRED FIENBURGH

The New Statesman and Nation, March 19, 1955

Death by Slow Murder

I CAME back from the Middle East last January with one new and alarming impression. Though no Israeli politicians will admit it, the future of the State of Israel, which seemed to have been assured by victory in the war of independence, is once again in doubt. You can feel this doubt and anxiety wherever you go—among the elite Zionists of the old Yishuv, among the young Sabras born in the country, and in the new melting-pot of the Oriental immigration. Only four years ago the watchword of the new State was Independence, and Ben Gurion, far too dynamic to accept a passive neutrality, evolved a policy of non-participation not unlike that of Marshal Tito. Now what was once applauded as independence is unhappily described as isolation. The Chairman of the Knesset Foreign Affairs Committee publicly proposes that Israel should apply for admission to the British Commonweath, and even Ben Gurion tells us that he would like his country to be as close to Britain as New Zealand would be if she were not a member of the Commonwealth.

The reason for this change of atmosphere is obvious enough. With its back to the sea and facing a desert of Arab hatred, Israel consists of four frontiers with virtually no hinterland. First, in the North there is the relatively quiet frontier with Lebanon, the only Arab State which would make peace with Israel if it dared. Then, to the North-east, along the Huleh swamp and the far side of Lake Tiberias, is the Syrian frontier, where the dispute about the control of the Jordan water may well flare into actual war this summer. Thirdly, there is the four-hundred-mile-long festering wound of the frontier with Jordan. This starts just below Tiberias; runs down the Jordan Valley; bulges towards the sea to keep the Judaean hills in Arab hands; and then, South of the Dead Sea, divides the desert along the line of the Wadi Araba to the Gulf of Akaba. Along every mile there is endless infiltration and pillage. Fourthly, there is the impossible appendix of a frontier at Gaza where, in a strip of Palestine 25 miles long and 7 miles wide, 240,000 Palestinian Arabs under the control of the Egyptian Army regard infiltration as a patriot's duty.

Even if there were a formal peace, these four frontiers would be intolerable to both Jew and Arab. In fact, they are merely temporary Armistice demarcation lines, and since 1949 the Arab States have refused even to begin negotiations for a Peace Treaty. Instead, they have (1) imposed a successful trade embargo—including the closing of the Suez Canal and the Gulf of Akaba to Israeli shipping; (2) blackmailed Unwra into spending millions annually on keeping the refugees as refugees instead of resettling them; and (3) declared their determination to restore those refugees to their lands in a Second Round. So the new State of Israel is economically besieged, physically harassed by infiltration, and psychologically suffocated by an ever-tightening cord of Arab hatred.

The reaction to all this has been an agonising reappraisal which has split Israel across party lines into two contending factions—Activists and Co-existers. The storm centre of this conflict is Mapai, the official Labour Party which dominates every Government coalition; and it is in the Mapai Executive that the real struggle is taking place, with Mr. Lavon leading the Activists, and Mr. Sharett pleading the case for moderation. Mr. Ben Gurion, though he undoubtedly sympathises with the Activists, has been careful not to commit himself to either side.

In terms of logic, Mr. Sharett, who has developed remarkably since he succeeded Ben Gurion as Prime Minister, has the best of the argument. Retaliation raids, he says, may improve the morale of the inexperienced immigrants from the bazaars of Baghdad and the concentration camps who are trying to farm in the new villages. But there is no evidence that they have pacified the frontiers, and they certainly upset the American Jews on whose dollars Israel's economy depends. Mr. Sharett, who was born in Palestine and served in the Turkish Army, believes that the future of Israel depends on two things—integration into the Arab world, and support from the U.S. However impossible the Arab behaviour, and however dangerous the new American policy of linking Iraq and Turkey and rearming both, Israel, in his view, has no choice but to pursue the path of collaboration with the West and restraint in the face of Arab provocation. If she relies on her own strong arm, she will repeat the tragedy of the Maccabeans.

Moreover, Mr. Sharett can point out that, so far, self-restraint has paid dividends. The internal social and economic problems, which looked so overwhelming a few years ago, are being mastered. Raging inflation is being checked by a harsh New Economic Policy, and the inevitable concessions to free enterprise have been courageously accepted by the Socialist leadership of the trade unions, despite the emergence of a small class of rich profiteers which is one of its unsavoury consequences. The problem of resettlement of areas deserted by the Arabs is now being tackled soberly and with rather more success, after some costly and spectacular initial failures. Finally, thanks largely to the superb educational work of the Army (every boy and girl does thirty months' full-time military service, and is recalled for at least a month a year until the age of 35) the new immigrants are being integrated into the nation. This internal stability is a remarkable achievement, and the Co-existers can reasonably call it in as evidence when they appeal for coolness in meeting the external danger. I cannot think of another instance in modern history where a small, newly constituted State has doubled its population in its first five years with immigrants, often of dubious quality, while retaining the form and the spirit of Western democracy.

Nevertheless, Mr. Sharett, though he has all the arguments of prudence on his side, is fighting a losing battle against the rising tide of Activism. Israel came into existence by a fantastic act of faith. In defiance of Ernest Bevin, and disregarding the warnings of Weizmann and Truman, Ben Gurion proclaimed the State on the day that the five Arab armies invaded it—and the gamble paid off. So, too, during the war, it was by a series of adventurous campaigns, often in defiance of the Armistice officials, that 2,000 square miles were added to the 5,600 allotted to Israel by the U.N. Partition Plan. And it was by boldly shooting down five British planes that Israel brought the Labour Cabinet to its senses and achieved *de facto* recognition. In their brief history as a nation, the Israeli have never gained anything by "prudently" relying on the pledged word of either Britain or America. Indeed, if they had been prudent, they would have been wiped out in the summer of 1948. The strength of Activism derives, first, from the fact that it worked in 1948, and, secondly, from the growing recognition that the Foreign Office and the State Department are as untrustworthy and objectively as hostile to Israel's survival in 1955 as they were six years ago.

That hostility, as the Activists point out, is demonstrated in three ways.

1. *Treaty Relations.* Britain is allied with Iraq and Jordan, and has a new Agreement with Colonel Nasser. Yet Mr. Eden refuses to consider any Treaty relations with Israel.
2. *Arms.* Britain spends about £10,000,000 a year on the Arab Legion, and is supplying Iraq and Egypt with modern equipment. The U.S. has agreed to give military assistance to Iraq sufficient to increase its army to four divisions. All this is done despite the fact that the Arabs flout the terms of the Armistice by maintaining a state of war with Israel.
3. *Refugees.* In the Gaza Strip, and all along the Jordan frontier, hundreds of thousands of refugees are deliberately kept in their miserable camps and all attempts to resettle them are sabotaged by threats that the refugees will lose their lands in Israel if they settle even temporarily elsewhere. Thus Unwra, to which Britain and America are the main contributors, is being openly used, not to heal the wounds of war, but to keep the war situation and prevent a peace settlement.

This Anglo-American policy, according to the Activists, is not so very different from that of Mr. Bevin. Instead of tolerating an armed attack on an almost defenceless community, we are now permitting the Arabs to besiege and harass Israel, and preventing the Israeli from breaking out.

Here we come to the second (and usually unspoken premise) of the Activist case. Today, Israel is capable of mounting an offensive which will carry her armies either across Syria to Damascus or across the Judaean hills to the Jordan, or across the desert to the Suez Canal. Moreover, in the present state of Arab disunity and corruption, any one of these campaigns could be completed without fear of a major counter-attack elsewhere unless Britain or America intervened. The Activists do not, of course, suggest that such a campaign should be undertaken, but they do ask why Israel should not get tough with Britain and America and threaten to break out unless appeasement of the Arabs is stopped.

When I put all this to Mr. Sharett, his answer was clear and convincing. Of course the Israeli Army could clear the Judaean hills and reach the Jordan within three weeks. But what then? There are only three possibilities. Either to kill the 800,000 Arab refugees who now live West of the Jordan, or to incorporate them in Israel, or to drive them into Transjordan as refugees. Since none of these three possibilities can even be contemplated, there is no answer to this logical defence of Co-existence. An Activist strategy such as a very few Israeli soldiers propose would lead to immediate disaster. An Activist diplomacy of talking tough to America would be a bluff which could only too easily be called.

What makes this controversy so bitter is that each side is right in pointing out the futility of the policy advocated by its opponents. Britain and America are compelling Israel to choose between a suicidal attempt to break the noose and an acceptance of death by slow strangulation. That is why the political crisis in Israel cannot be resolved. Forced to choose between two hopeless policies, the Israeli Government veers to and fro, between Activism and Co-existence, and occasionally reaches a compromise, such as the recent military operations in the Gaza Strip—a "little break out" which gets the worst of both worlds. When that happens, the Security Council meets and Mr. Dulles and Sir Anthony jointly administer a severe rebuke to Israel, and urge the U.N. to impose a stricter control along the Armistice line. Then, having cleared their consciences by this completely ineffective action, the British and American Governments proceed with their policy of shoring up the pro-Western cliques in the Arab States by means of Military Assistance, although everyone knows that the only enemy the Arabs could ever fight is the State of Israel. What

hypocrisy it all is! I do not blame the Arab Governments for maintaining the state of war, and using Unwra and Military Assistance for their own purposes, as long as they can get away with it. What sickens me is that Britain should connive at the slow murder of Israel while purporting to wish her well. Clough summed it up in his New Decalogue:

> Thou shalt not kill, but needst not strive
> Officiously to keep alive.

Personally, I sympathise with those Israeli who stick to the Ten Commandments.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

Two Nations in School

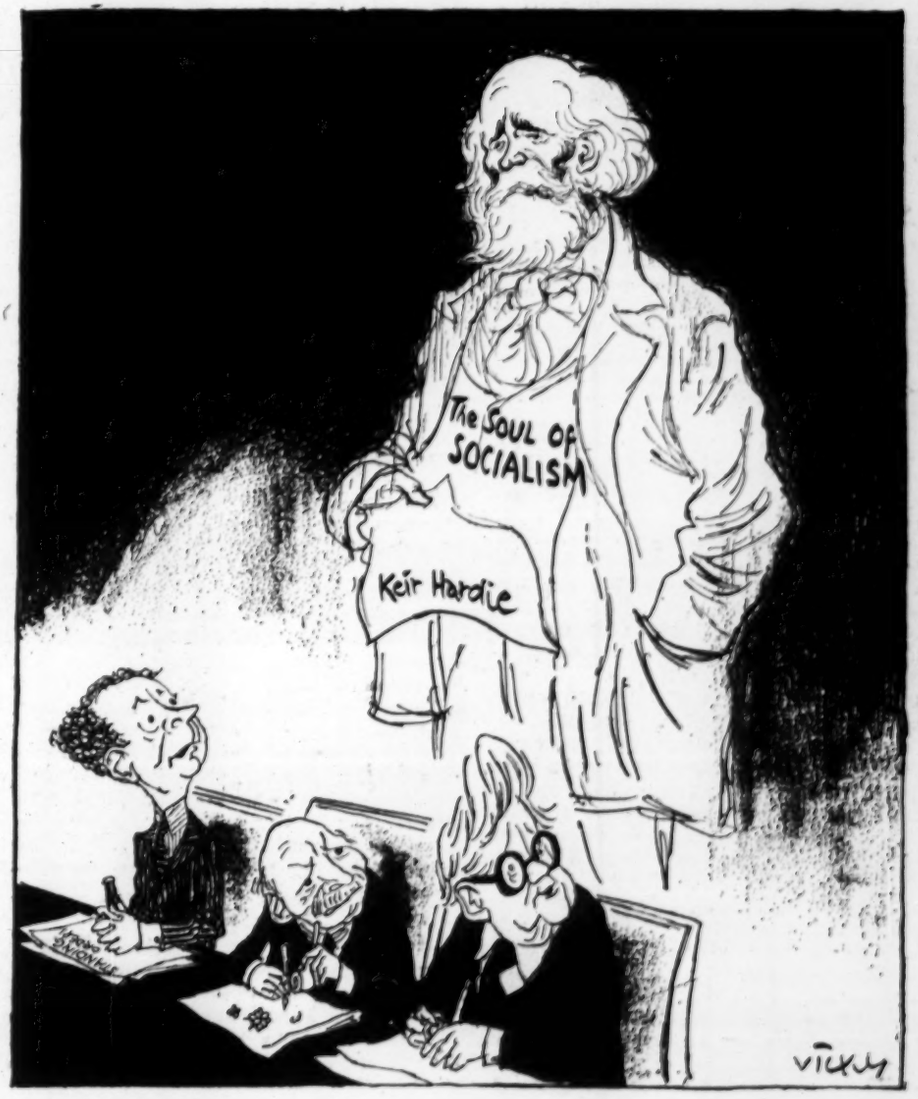
IS A BELIEF in equal educational opportunity consistent with maintaining our present system of publicly maintained and independent schools side by side? Parents who can afford the high fees send their young children to private schools, where they are taught in sanitary buildings and in small classes. The last Report of the Ministry of Education states that there were over 40,000 classes (or 35 per cent. of all the classes of children under eleven) with more than 40 in a class, and over 1,000 with more than 50. In the private schools for children of a similar age, 90 per cent. had less that twenty children to one teacher, and only seven schools had between 30 and 40. No school had more than 40. The publicly maintained schools are forced to take all children when they reach the age of five, and owing to the restrictions on building and the bulge in the birth rate, overcrowding has been inevitable. The private schools need not take more children that they can accommodate and they can, if they wish, expand. They can, therefore, continue to provide better opportunities than can the maintained schools.

When the fateful age of eleven *plus* is reached, few middle-class parents send to a Secondary Modern school children who have failed to get a Grammar school place. Instead, they send them to a good private school, and often these children do as well in the General Certificate of Education examination at sixteen and eighteen as do the children who succeeded at eleven. The serious limitations of the "eleven *plus*" examination as a means of selecting children for a Grammar school education are being increasingly realised, but it is only parents with some means who can provide their children with opportunities denied to the majority. The fact that parents in England, who can afford it, contract out of the State system is the chief reason why that system has so many deficiencies. Few parents have sympathy and imagination to spend on other people's children, and so long as their own are well provided for, are quite happy to be ignorant of what is happening to the rest. They do not bother to campaign for better conditions in their own locality, and are often amongst the most vociferous of those who protest against the education rate. Although comparatively few in number, they are among the influential makers of public opinion, and this attitude has, more than anything else, hampered the development of a proper public system. If private schools were all closed, and all parents had to send their children to the publicly maintained schools, we should soon see a revolution in school building and in size of classes. Even parents who are seriously concerned as citizens with the welfare of the nation's children and who work hard to improve it, see nothing inconsistent with a belief in equal educational opportunity in sending their own children to private schools.

It is at the University stage that equality of educational opportunity has been, since the War, more nearly approached. Those young people who have surmounted the "eleven *plus*" hurdle and have managed to stay at a Grammar school until the age of eighteen, can compete for State and Open University scholarships and for Local Authority Awards. The number of State scholarships has been increased from 360 in 1939 to 2,000 last year, and the Ministry now supplements all Open University scholarships. Local Authority Awards have multiplied from 1,500 in 1939 to 9,900 in 1953. Inequalities still exist. The Public and Independent schools, with only 23 per cent. of all pupils aged eighteen, get 48 per cent. of the Open University Awards (many of these are given by the Oxford and Cambridge Colleges) whilst the maintained and direct grant schools, with 76 per cent. of pupils aged eighteen, get 51 per cent. of these Awards. They get, it is true, a fairer share of State scholarships and of Local Authority Awards; but the number of Local Authority Awards, like the provision of Grammar school places, varies throughout the country, so that a would-be student in one area has five times the chance of getting to a University as has one of equal ability in another. There is little equal opportunity here.

There has certainly been a considerable increase since the War of students from working-class homes at the Universities, but, according to the P.E.P. Broadsheet published last November, still only 10.5 per cent. of the men students at Oxford and Cambridge were the sons of manual workers —a term which includes a majority of skilled workers. Equal opportunity to get to Oxford and Cambridge still does not exist. In the first place, a working-class student has less chance of getting an Open scholarship at one of the Colleges than has the Public school boy, and even if he gains a State or Local Authority Award, this does not guarantee entrance. Secondly, a boy whose father can pay the whole cost can enter as a Commoner at a lower academic standard than is demanded of Scholars or Exhibitioners. Thus the system of dual entry for a free and fee-paying student, which was only abolished in Grammar schools by the 1944 Act, still holds good at the ancient Universities.

How can the situation be remedied? First there are the problems within the public system. Some enthusiasts, eager for a quick solution, advocate handing education over to the State, to be administered from Whitehall, and paid for entirely out of taxation. This would give uniformity as between areas, and it is sometimes argued that that is the price which will have to be paid for equal educational opportunity. It would be a big price, not only because condi-



tions differ between different parts of the country, but because, in this country, from the beginning of a public system of education, nearly all improvements in that system have come from below—through experiment by progressive Authorities whose reforms were eventually recommended by the Ministry for universal adoption. There would have to be a revolution in the training and outlook of the men in Whitehall before we could be sure that the educational system—if handed over to them—would not become a mere machine, run at the lowest cost. The fact that 40 per cent. of the cost comes from the rates means that Local Authorities are not yet, in spite of greater powers now vested in the Ministry, mere agents of the central government.

Equal opportunity within the public system can be achieved if members of each Authority are determined that their children shall have as good a chance as those in other areas, and if the Ministry will exhort the laggard authorities to come up to the standard of the best. Both the last two Ministers have been successful in getting a uniform scale for University awards accepted by Local Authorities. This levelling up could be done over the whole field if the Ministry would give a vigorous lead.

What of inequalities between the two parallel systems of education? To prohibit all private schools might savour too much of a totalitarian system. But there is no reason why economic processes should not be allowed—or encouraged—to play their part. Most Public school fees are, no doubt, paid out of capital; and a capital tax would certainly have a marked effect on the Public school population. Whether or not either political party plumps for this solution in the near future, it is at least reasonable to demand that Governments shall turn down the specious pleas, increasingly heard, either for some special tax relief for Public school parents, or for direct grants from public money (without the corollary of any kind of public control) to help the Public schools out of their difficulties. There is not the slightest reason why parents who choose to buy smaller classes, better-paid teachers and social prestige for their children should expect the parents of other children to help them. Why, above all, should money which is so desperately needed to improve and equalise conditions within the public system be diverted to keep in existence one that is the main cause of class division in our society?

Apart from the belief of a democratic society that each of its members should be treated equally by the State, there is a practical reason why we should lose no time in bringing about equal educational opportunity. We have at last woken to the fact that we are desperately short of teachers, scientists, dentists, hospital nurses, trained social workers, and technicians of all grades. Other countries, notably the U.S. and the U.S.S.R., are ahead of us, not because their young people are more intelligent than ours, but because they have recognised sooner than we have the need in a modern civilisation for trained intelligence. The recent report on Early Leavers from Grammar schools states that there are about 10,000 pupils who would have been capable of taking Advanced Sixth form courses if they had remained at school, and that 4,000 of these could have taken courses in mathematics and science. We are wasting ability there and we must devise measures for saving it. We are also wasting ability because the provision of Grammar school places is so uneven. In Authority A, which provides Grammar school places for 35 per cent. of its eleven-year-olds, there are many children in such schools who could not win a place in Authority B which only provides for 9 per cent. We are also wasting ability because the "eleven *plus*" examination is not doing what originally we assumed it would do. A number of children admitted to Grammar schools fail to follow the academic courses provided, and either become Early Leavers at fifteen, or stay on to sixteen and fail in the G.C.E. examination. At the same time, many children who fail to get to a Grammar school and go to a Secondary Modern school, can, when given the opportunity, pass the examination not only at Ordinary but even at the Advanced level. To all these problems the Comprehensive school offers the solution. As a nation we do not lack ability, only the opportunity for it to show itself. Our urgent national necessity should prove the greatest incentive to the establishment of a real democratic system giving equal opportunity for all our children.

SHENA D. SIMON

London Diary

ONCE again, the big stick of "confidence in the leadership" has been brandished at the Parliamentary Labour Party in an attempt to scare off those who prefer to debate a controversial issue on its merits. It is all very well to talk about the democratic obligation to accept collective decisions. But what sort of democracy is it when those decisions are repeatedly extorted by the crude manœuvre of turning a debatable issue into a vote of confidence? The difficulty, I believe, lies not so much in individual temperaments as in the composition of the Parliamentary leadership. And I am beginning to wonder whether it may not also lie partly in the fact that the Shadow Cabinet is elected. At present, about 50 per cent. of the Parliamentary Party is firmly committed to Mr. Morrison and Mr. Gaitskell on the Right; about 25 per cent. equally firmly to Mr. Bevan on the Left; while about 25 per cent. has no firm commitment. Thus, despite an occasional intruder at the bottom of the poll, the elections to the Shadow Cabinet usually result in something like a clean sweep for the Right. Policy decisions thereafter reflect the absolute power of 51 per cent. But the narrowness of the overall majority means that it is power coupled with basic insecurity. Thus each decision tends to become a vote of confidence.

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I wonder if the method of choosing the leadership by popular election is, despite its long tradition, really as democratic as it seems on the surface. No Prime Minister would dream of choosing a Cabinet in this way, for a Cabinet must be balanced—to command the broad support on which its survival depends. I cannot help thinking that in the case of the Shadow Cabinet, too, the same considerations apply. I should like to see a leader (himself elected) making his own appointments by individual selection. It would then be his responsibility to achieve the necessary balance. If he failed to do so, he would legitimately, indeed automatically, forfeit confidence. But I doubt if he would often cause himself as much embarrassment as Mr. Attlee has been caused this week by the extremism and ruthlessness of some of his Front Bench colleagues.

* * *

One of the most telling thrusts in the battle of Bevan has come from an unregenerate non-Bevanite. Yet it was struck on Mr. Bevan's side. I don't think it is unfair to call Mr. Tom O'Brien a Right-winger and, in general, a supporter of the Labour Parliamentary leadership. But he is a libertarian too, and the Shadow Cabinet must have blushed for shame when they read his letter in *The Times* of last Tuesday. His biting irony about the unscrupulous methods which have been used to predetermine the outcome of Mr. Bevan's trial was far more effective than a solemn sermon could have been. O'Brien, in fact, is more than just a libertarian. He is one of the shrewdest of trade union leaders and, in particular, he has always understood that the Left wing of the Labour Party performs a necessary function. His intervention this week reminds me of the day in 1952 when the Labour leadership tried to expel the 57 M.P.s who refused to support the Conservative Defence programme. It was O'Brien whose speech at the Parliamentary Labour Party meeting then did more than anything to stop the Party tearing itself in half. On that occasion also he used the weapon of irony rather than solemnity. He is said to have reminded his colleagues that, in his capacity as General Secretary of a union in the cinema industry, he had recently been engaged in negotiations concerning *Quo Vadis*—a film which was much concerned with the Roman practice of throwing Christians to the lions. "But," he said, referring to the number of those who had indicated that they would oppose expulsion, "at least the Romans planned the job efficiently: they knew which was which. The trouble with us is that we haven't decided whether to throw the Christians to the lions or the lions to the Christians."

* * *

I've been making some inquiries in Paris about the prosecution of Gilles Martinet, editor and part-founder of the Left-wing weekly *France-Observateur*. Martinet was charged in December with publishing secret matter relating to national Defence. The case arises out of an article published in *l'Observateur* last summer, purporting to reveal the advice which General Ely had given the Conseil Superieur de la Défense Nationale on the use of conscripts in Indo-China. Now *l'Observateur*, which has exceptionally good contacts in various political quarters, has more than once carried stories which infuriated the authorities and which—like other news scoops—must have originated in unauthorised leakages. Last December, for instance, an attempt was made to inculpate M. Mitterand, Minister of Defence in the Mendès-France Government, in another apparent military leakage to *l'Observateur*. But those who made that allegation—they included M. Bidault—refused to sustain it in the face of firm denials. In Martinet's case, the article in question clearly contained classified material; but nobody seriously suggests that it could have aided the enemies of France or affected the outcome of the Geneva Conference. Last month, Martinet was, with uncommon vindictiveness, charged a second time with "divulging national secrets," by publishing eighteen months ago extracts from a dispatch on E.D.C. from M. Massigli in London to the Quai D'Orsay. Few well-informed observers in France take these charges at their face value. Martinet's real offence, other than his extreme Left views, is his absolute refusal, on professional grounds, to divulge his sources. Apart from this, the case is being used by those who were responsible for the military disasters of Indo-China, to suggest that the trouble was not their own incompetence, but treason on the Left in Paris. There are, moreover, a number of interested parties on the Right who, by building up the Martinet case, hope to distract public opinion from the really grave security scandal of Dides and Baranès. What causes me most concern in all this is that Martinet, a first-class journalist, is being made the victim of a shabby political intrigue which may well end in a stiff jail sentence.

By any reckoning, Alexander Fleming was one of the giants of medicine. His niche is reserved not only in the doctors' Valhalla, but in the school books and the public memory. So it is with no desire to belittle him that I recall the relative contributions made by the three men who can properly be said to have "discovered" penicillin—Fleming, Ernest Chain, and Howard Florey. It is roughly true to say that Fleming, at St. Mary's Hospital in 1928, was the first to note the penicillin effect—when a culture he was working on was spoiled by a strange mold. It was his scientific perception which led him to notice that the mold was exuding something which inhibited the growth of germs. But he never isolated that something. Chain did that—more than ten years later in Oxford; and Florey, Chain's Professor, was responsible for establishing penicillin clinically. The Nobel Prize was divided between the three of them; and that, no doubt, is the proper assessment. Fleming, whose romantic discovery has always captivated public imagination, is this week honoured in every continent as a saviour of mankind. But I also like to think of those two equally great men who were responsible for giving Fleming's discovery to the world.

* * *

We were discussing the books that had really shaped our way of looking at the world. "Clive Bell's *Civilisation*," said one; and started off a rattle of names: *The Great Illusion; Vision and Design; A Modern Symposium; The Sacred Wood; Economic Consequences of the Peace.* "Yes, but have you read it lately?" And out of the talk came the idea which is realised on our Books in General page this week: a series of reassessments of books that have influenced the outlook and assumptions of our time. This is to be no orgy of debunking but genuine reappraisal, in the light of a situation which the book itself may have done something to bring about. So Walter Allen starts off this week with *Howards End*; next week A. J. P. Taylor will consider Hobson's *Imperialism*, with a look in passing at Brailsford's *War of Steel and Gold*; later there will be Stuart Hampshire on Moore's *Principia Ethica*, Malcolm Muggeridge on *Sons and Lovers*, John Raymond on *Eminent Victorians*, Adam Curle on *Brave New World*; and we hope perhaps a further half a dozen later in the year.

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The big green drake, shining in the Sunday sun, plodded down the bank, trampling the crocus shoots under his flat feet, and gingerly (but purposefully) stepped off the edge. The ice, as we could all see, was so thin that it quivered at his footfall. Slowly, with something of the self-conscious, foreshortened shuffle that I have sometimes observed in Anglican clergymen of more than average height when they walk in procession behind a choir, he proceeded to pick his way towards the crust of bread which was his goal. We watched in silence—half a dozen human beings and the rest of the ducks. The ice creaked beneath his tread, like the floor-boards in an empty house. Every now and then, the webbed feet—less effective in the conditions than you might suppose—slithered, and the drake came down with a thump, backside first, on to the ice. Once it broke: but after an instant's indecision, he scrambled out and resumed his journey. It took him five minutes, one ducking and three heavy falls to cover the twenty feet or so he had set himself. Once there, he picked up the crust, tossed it arrogantly in the air and ate it slowly to the last crumb. He was conscious, I fancy, of the admiration of the human watchers, and splendidly confident that none of the other ducks, who eyed him from the bank, had the courage to follow him and challenge his possession. Suddenly, he risked the bearing-strength of the piece of ice on which he stood and took off with a clatter of wings, to land in a cloud of spray and sunshine some fifty yards away where the ice had melted. The human audience dispersed to its Sunday luncheons, glowing with the sort of satisfaction one gets from watching others hard at work—and conscious, fleetingly, of Spring.

FLAVUS

Foyled Muse

It is not the fault of the public that modern poems do not sell. The poets are to blame, because of their appalling vice of deliberate and perverse obscurity.—Lord Samuel, at a Poetry Luncheon.

Should neglected bards asperse
Bards of fashionable verse,
Swear that better bards do worse?

Poets who are not in fashion,
Fail because of mirth and passion
They have but a skimpy ration.

If these bards (no names to name)
Never reach the House of Fame,
Public taste is not to blame.

Such no reason have to rage,
Hearing that their obscure page
Charms not this, or any age.

Critics, ever and anon,
Rescue from oblivion
Works of poets dead and gone,

But no critic will agree
Early death itself can be
Passport to immortality.

Why complain, if sales are few,
When the bard to regions new
Condescends to give no clue?

Taste and fashion change ere long,
But meantime, are readers wrong
Who prefer a simple song?

Bards bound for Elysium
With a red, red rose may come,
Or a late chrysanthemum,

But the Muse must bless at birth
Bards, with passion and with mirth,
Or their work is nothing worth.

SAGITTARIUS

This England

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Lord Saye and Sele, in a maiden speech, said the hereditary system was the only method of selecting a body of people which was completely unbiased. Every other method, except perhaps lottery, must depend on somebody's opinion.—*The Times.* (C. C. Mackintosh.)

While I do his homework my schoolboy son does my pools. I have made some frightful blunders in his arithmetic—but he has done me proud in dividends this season.—Letter in *Daily Mirror.* (Mrs. N. Rosell.)

Foulshiels Colliery, Stoneyburn, West Lothian, was working again today but one miner could not find his pick after the two-day strike. He went home.

Thirteen other miners went with him in sympathy.—*Glasgow Evening Citizen.* (A. I. Bowie.)

If Princess Margaret is lightly to be allowed to marry the man she loves a grave blow will have been struck at the sanctity of marriage, already hard-pressed by decaying moral standards.—*The People.* (T. H. Greenfield.)

How it Looks from Hong-Kong

As one looks over the water to the hills of the Chinese mainland, Hong-Kong has something of the idyllic quality of Capri or Amalfi. The bay is strewn with junks—brown sails and strange oars pulled at odd angles by tattered Chinese fishermen and women wearing huge straw hats. The motor ferry from the island carries you quickly across the strait. In the villages, crowds of friendly children lead you through strips of paddy and endless rows of ordered vegetables (lovely to look at, but smelling only as a garden raised on night soil can smell) to their fathers and mothers and grandfathers and grandmothers, who will treat you to immemorial hospitality and many cups of green tea. Wander a little further, and you come to the frontier, and may be stopped by military manœuvres. You need not take them very seriously. Even without war, Hong-Kong has water for only three hours a day; and a Chinese population of three million people live packed along the island's narrow strip of foreshore. The British have no illusions that they could stay in Hong-Kong if some of the three millions walked up the hill and asked them to go. But the British are used to their situation; they live a good life in amity with the Chinese (how long this will last is anyone's guess), and they are furious with the Americans for threatening to shorten the duration of their stay.

In a brief visit here *en route* for Canton and Peking, I have found that you can learn a lot—at least you can hear as many rumours and speculations as you care to listen to. For instance, about the offshore islands and Formosa. There are correspondents here who have been in Formosa for some weeks. Some will tell you that the Formosans today are comparatively prosperous; that the Americans have ended Kuomintang corruption and now supervise the expenditure of every American dollar; that the people have rather good memories of Japanese rule; and that, though they may not love Chiang Kai-shek, at least they do not want a war or a revolution to bring the Communists in. Some correspondents witnessed the evacuation of the Tachens, and have fewer illusions now about "self-determination" in this post-liberal era. One told me how he watched the whole population of the Tachens lined up in queues and bustled on to boats, each man and woman carrying a hundred-pound package—all that they were allowed to take from homes which, like other fisher-people, they had known as theirs for centuries. Self-determination? No—just the less publicised side of modern war. And, after that, the villages were destroyed (though the people had been told they would not be) and booby traps were set so that the Americans could claim that, after the evacuation, they had bagged 150 Communists—I think that was the figure. Finally, ships came and mined the islands all round, so that an American retreat should not be called a Communist victory. What next? Some say that Matsu also will be evacuated—others that Chiang is sending reinforcements to fight there. Rumours and counter-rumours: I do not believe that even the U.S. Command is sure what it will do until the last minute—evacuate, mine, fight a local action or start a world war.

The division of opinion between the British and Americans in Hong-Kong is sharp and unbridgable. To the British here this struggle over Chinese islands, that in all justice and common

sense belong to Peking, is simply crazy. Here is an outspoken editorial from the *South China Morning Post*. Why did Mr. Dulles try to bring together three issues under the one head of "aggression"—as if starting a new war in Korea, or invading South-East Asia, were in the same category as a continuation of China's unfinished civil war?

> American military experts concede that these [offshore] islands would not facilitate a Communist invasion of Formosa, that they are valuable only as listening posts, and as bases for the harassment of British and other shipping. The real reason for denying them to the Communists is that the Nationalists refuse to relinquish them. It is not established that anyone else wishes to risk a world war to retain them, or that the people of Asia would respect the United States any the less for writing them off and thus preserving peace.

The current danger, says the *Morning Post*, is Mr. Dulles's notion that the Communists cannot be allowed to wage limited wars, and that world war may be started by America against any Chinese action, whether it is really aggression or not.

Here you reach the edge of the abyss. The more experienced Americans—I do not speak of touring Senators, who are a stock (though alarming) joke in the East, but of intelligent journalists like Joe Alsop and a few others—do not now seriously argue that Formosa is essential as an American base, or that the offshore islands are in themselves important, or that any particular objective is worth a world war. They are beginning to admit that H-bombs are *incalculably* destructive, and that possibly civilised society will be finished if they are dropped. Their argument is beginning to turn on the "ultimate" question, which they put in terms of "another Munich"—the choice between surrender or a heroic gamble to save "the free world." They no longer argue in terms of justice or right and wrong, but nakedly in terms of power. If the U.S. bluffs again, if Dulles's still ambiguous promises are falsified, if the offshore islands are surrendered, then—you are told—the people in Formosa, including the entourage of Chiang himself, will begin to doubt America's will to war. Where, they ask, will the U.S. then stand? What nations will remain on America's side? Is South-East Asia to be abandoned? Is the future to go to the Communists by default? Will it not be worse to have to fight on some other grounds, when Communism is even more cock-a-hoop and has made more millions of people believe in its ultimate triumph and the collapse of the West? So, Matsu and Formosa become necessary for the defence of the American way of life: idealistically and crazily they are made bulwarks against the Brave New Communist World.

I have stated the argument so brutally because it is important to understand what line of thought and what emotions stir the minds of intelligent men who know, though they will not admit, just how indefensible the American case is on the particular issue of the Formosan Straits. For myself, I believe this American argument to be supreme folly. It is exactly the kind of self-deception which may end civilisation. Even if we admit—as I do not—that there is an ultimate conflict involved between Communist and Western society, the case for the British policy of caution is overwhelming. Nuclear weapons unite the whole of Asia against the West; and if they succeeded in destroying the Government in Peking, they would merely spread Communism. What would America do if she "won" a global war, and found herself sitting in triumph on top of a ruined world? What problem would be solved? Would G.Is sit on the Russian steppes and teach Communists the American way of life? This is the ultimate madness, the precipitous descent to either world Communism or world destruction. From such lunacy the Communists have less to fear than the West. Yet it is not some untenable argument about Matsu, or the safety of Chiang Kai-shek, or the self-determination of Formosa, but precisely this madness which may take the lid off hell.

My impression, however, is that the more experienced American "crusaders" are slightly less war-like than they were. If disaster can be averted for a year or two longer, there is hope; for even they are beginning to be impressed with the full implications of the H-bomb. Perhaps it is no longer a question of rejecting war as an instrument of national policy, but rather of discovering that it never again can be such an instrument. The more I think about it, the more I see the fundamental importance of the point made by General MacArthur (of all people!) last autumn when he argued that it was no longer possible to act on the basis of Clausewitz's conception of war as the continuation of policy "by other means." The weapons of destruction now available are too indiscriminate to enable soldiers, when obeying orders, to achieve any precise objective. But it is a hard lesson for countries as powerful as America and Russia and China to learn. An American said to me the other night that to admit that war is no longer a serviceable means to any known end would mean throwing up the sponge, accepting "surrender" to the vast populations of Asia. So it seems to tough Americans who believe that the risk of world war is preferable to an extension of Communism. The future depends on how soon and at what price the Great Powers will learn the truth of the irrefutable fact which MacArthur stated. Mr. Dulles staggers on from one bluff to another. The danger is that Peking may feel that America is all bluff, and that the Chinese may push on to the point of no return.

Hong-Kong. KINGSLEY MARTIN

Self-management

WHEN I am prompted to consider the nature of man there comes into my mind, unbidden, the figure in the frontispiece of the "first-aid" books—transparent, map-like, erect, both palms turned forward, perfect in proportion, and above all *balanced*. It probably reproduces the skeleton in the cupboard of the anatomical lecturer; and this, I have always thought, is the last word in free-swinging equilibrium because it is off the ground, so that gravitation is at work upon every detail of it, unhindered by muscular tensions. I had been feeling for some years, without undue worry, that I should both look and feel better if I could always be slightly off the ground, when I met a man who is an expert in psychosomatic re-education.

It only means mind-body training, but it disposes at once of my levitation theory of deportment, by taking the human body in all its normal uses—standing, sitting, walking, lying, breathing, relaxing, reading, thinking, speaking, playing—and teaching people how to do all these things without tension. It is an acquired self-discipline and involves, for periods that vary greatly with the individual, a deliberate "awareness of self" on the part of its neophytes. It is the special teaching of Mr. Charles Neil and his colleagues at the Isobel Cripps Centre in Holland Park; and it is necessary, before I describe a recent visit there, to recall the more famous teaching of Mr. F. Matthias Alexander. For it was after studying his methods that Mr. Neil developed his own different but relaxed technique.

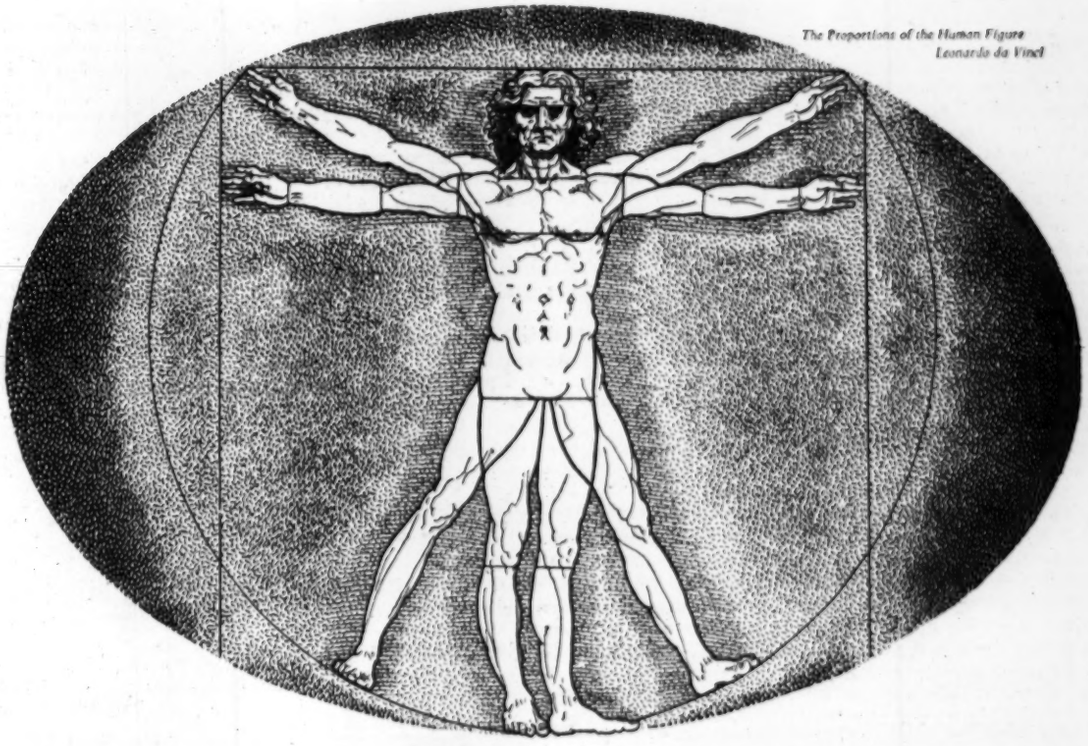
Mr. Alexander, who was a "professional reciter" in Australia more than sixty years ago, suddenly lost his skill and his livelihood owing to voice and throat trouble. Impatient with prolonged and unsuccessful medical treatment, he began—with his own doctor's lively interest—a series of experiments upon himself (he describes them in his book *The Use of the Self*) which led to his discovery of the primary control of self and the evolution of a technique for its development. He says himself that he brought the control of the use of human mechanism from the instinctive on to the conscious plane; and in his several books he describes a self-discipline that has seemed to me, on paper, incommunicable except to those partly familiar with it, empirically or otherwise. All such training must be done in person: merely to read about it is hard going.

One of his trainees, from 1932 to 1937, was Mr. Charles Neil. "But I am not teaching the Alexander technique," Mr. Neil told me. "I owe a great deal to him, and shall always be grateful for what he has taught me. But the study of methods other than his, both here and on the Continent, has led me to methods that differ both in theory and in technique from his."

The Isobel Cripps centre, to which Lady Cripps lent her name because of the great interest that she and Sir Stafford had in these methods, is a school of self-management, not a clinic. Mr. Neil and his staff teach people to overcome bad habits of posture, movement and tension; they neither diagnose nor treat disease, making it abundantly clear that they are neither qualified nor concerned to do so. Three kinds of visitors go to the Centre. First, there are pupils who go to be taught posture, movement, and the capacity to relax. Secondly, there are pupils who have symptoms of asthma, migraine, "slipped disc," neurosis, arthritis, "fibrositis," spastic conditions, speech defect and other ailments; these may be sent by their doctors or may come unannounced, and in the latter case their doctors' consent is always sought by the Centre before teaching begins. Thirdly, there is an occasional nosy-parker like myself.

"Will you sit down?" said Mr. Neil; and although he may have been trying not to notice the way I did it, I got the impression that he winced. He told me that when you stand well, you have gone more than half-way to achieving good posture and good movement. The secret of good standing lies in the alignment of the head and the spinal column. The spine is the core of the whole body, and its series of arches and curves, which distribute shock and give greater strength, must not be flattened. (All the training I have ever had has set out to flatten mine.) Mr. Neil pulled a skeleton out of his cupboard and swung it round in profile to me. Its spinal column was like a long sea-horse. "It's got curvature," I said. "It is absolutely normal and natural," said Mr. Neil, "but this is what people do with their spines, and this and this." And he pulled the "S" about into different shapes, so that I *saw* the pain, the distortion, and the slipped discs that people inflict upon themselves.

You can listen in vain, as he talks, for quackery or boasting. Apart from faulty posture or disordered bodily mechanism, he says, one of the root causes of illness is "emotional overcharge," which I gathered is what I should call nervous tension. Yet stress and tension are dealt with now, if at all, only by drugs and rest cures, both mere palliatives. "We teach people at this Centre," said Mr. Neil, "that they can govern *themselves*, reducing stress in their ordinary lives;



The Proportions of the Human Figure
Leonardo da Vinci

Man is the measure of all things—

PROTAGORAS (B.C. 481-411)

We live in an age of great organisations; can we also live in one of great individuals? To reconcile the technical achievement of modern society with the dignity of the men and women who compose it is the problem of our time. To reach a solution we must first be certain of the aim we set our mammoth communities and world-wide corporations; when the last superlative has been uttered, the test must be the same — how far they contribute to the happiness, understanding and liberty of the ordinary man.

The real measure of a modern industry is its power to preserve our human values while adding to our material heritage. Man is not just another factor in the productive chain — he is the reason for its existence.

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not necessarily eliminating it altogether—that's almost a test of greatness, and you can't be *completely* relaxed until you are dead—but helping them very considerably towards the achievement of bodily freedom and control. In some ways there's nothing new in all this: what's new is the presentation of it—I believe I've made it easier to understand."

Mr. Neil took me into his well-equipped interviewing room, and invited me again to sit down. This time I did it with studied grace. I got no better marks, and he spent a little time showing me not only how to sit down, but how to arrange myself when I had done it and how to get up again—without, he said pointedly, pressing my hands on my knees. My head, too, sat (or rather crouched) uncomfortably upon my tense neck and shoulders, and probably accounted for my migraines. When I stood, I did it pigeon-chested because most men, at some time or other, are taught to stand with the chest out, belly in, and shoulders "braced"—which, to Mr. Neil, must seem almost indictable. He arranged me in a decently relaxed stance before a long mirror, and I liked it so much that I have been practising it ever since.

I know a man who has, almost literally, been "up one side of Harley Street and down the other" in search of a cure for migraine. Has he a predisposing state of tension or bodily awkwardness? Many doctors will now send such a man to the Isobel Cripps Centre. Some doctors go there themselves as pupils; perhaps, indeed, all doctors ought to be trained in the "use of the self" before they start diagnosing and treating the condition of others. "Take the case of a child whose parents take him to a doctor purely as a preventive measure," writes F. M. Alexander in *The Use of the Self* (p. 63):

> The child shows no symptoms of illness, but the parents want to make sure that there are no harmful tendencies latent which, if allowed to develop unchecked, might lead later on to illness or defect of some kind or another. The doctor examines the child, and finds no symptoms or tendencies which in his opinion call for attention or treatment. He therefore gives the child a clean bill of health.

But the medical curriculum includes no training in "psychosomatic re-education"; the doctor's study of the child is incomplete, since he does not know what to look for. The "clean bill of health" may be a passport to lowered functioning and weakened resistance to disease.

Self-management, I concluded, becomes a *conscious* equation between a variety of forces—muscular control, the pull of gravitation on the bony structure, the mental stimuli directing all behaviour, rational breathing, "natural" movement; an acquired "second nature" skill that should be accessible to all. I perceive that it has one potentiality, perhaps not sufficiently urged even by its teachers, of transcendent importance in an ageing population: to people who can be induced to learn this technique before they are too old to travel or to leave their homes, it offers the possibility of an old age unprecedentedly free from pain, crippledom, stress, and dependency upon others. It could also revolutionise medical diagnosis, which at present seems to work within boundaries suggested, on the one hand, by the well-known theory that "there is only one disease," and on the other by the late Sir James Mackenzie's estimate that seventy per cent. of human ailments are not yet identified.

C. H. ROLPH

Playing Red Indians

FIRST time I'd ever been to the West Coast. Two days before I had landed at San Francisco from Japan on my way back to England after six years in the Far East. Would I like to meet some real live American Indians? My host, a Welshman permanently resident in the United States, occasionally did freelance broadcasting for an Australian radio station. He said he was going to make some recordings of Red Indian tribal songs and the noise of their dancing and games. All he knew was that several Indian tribes in the West had apparently arranged to meet in a hall in San Francisco. He had found out where and he proposed to go along.

We arrived early. Even so, the room, with a raised stage at one end, was crowded with probably two hundred gossiping women and excited children. None of them was Indian. At the door we were asked for 50 cents apiece to watch the Indian show. We told the lady we had come to take recordings of the Indian dances and songs. She said she didn't know anything about that, and we had better see the secretary of the club. We found the secretary selling tickets for a lucky dip. He explained that the Indians were mostly city Indians who had agreed over a case of beer (and in exchange for a small consideration) to put on a turn at this annual money-raising social affair. He assured us they were genuine Indians, although few of them lived on reservations and most of them drove to the hall in their own motor cars, and not on the backs of lean ponies. He was not sure if they would co-operate with us in making recordings. Best thing would be to talk with them.

We found Chief Yellow Corn and his friends in the dressing-room. They were Indians. They were fat ones, but I recognised their features from Western films and books. They were dressed as I expected Indians to be dressed, and I was thrilled to see a tomahawk on the top of the piano. They looked up as the door opened: the secretary introduced us and left to sell more tickets. Leaving me to carry in the so-called portable equipment, the open-faced, wide-eyed Welshman walked briskly to Chief Yellow Corn, shook hands and nodded all round. Then, with the air of an uncle unexpectedly presenting a surprised nephew with a cheque, he announced that he'd come to take recordings of their Indian art for transmission to Australia.

I was pleased with Chief Yellow Corn's reaction. I like my Red Indians to be unruffled. Slowly the Chief took off his feathered headdress. He held it while he looked hard at the Welshman. Then he sat down. There was tension in the room. The Welshman had sensed it. So had I. I thought I understood. Clearly the Welshman did not. He waited. So did the Indians. For a strained moment or two no one said anything. It was the Welshman who broke the silence. Looking round at them kindly, he asked them if they understood what he said. I thought that in his friendly way he was getting ready to talk to them in sign language.

Chief Yellow Corn nodded. No one said a word. "Well——," began the Welshman brightly. Then paused. The Chief stared at him thoughtfully. He turned to his friends and spoke to them in their own tongue. The powwow! One of the Indians nodded and moved over next to the Welshman. Chief Yellow Corn carried his headdress and put it with the tomahawk on the top of the piano. Was this a sign?

The Indian spokesman had a strong face dominated by a huge curved nose. His voice was soft. "You and me, we'd better have a little talk," he suggested gently. The Welshman looked blank. "Talk? What about? What do you mean?" The Welshman's response surprised the Indian, and I too felt a little disappointed. Could this, I wondered, be a dumb Welshman? Or was he being unusually subtle? I felt that the Indian was equally unsure. He tried again. "We'd better have a little talk and then sign a little piece of paper—just me and you."

Still the Welshman did not understand. "Talk? Sign paper? What paper? I don't understand. Look here! It's all quite simple. All I want to do is to take a few recordings of——."

"I know," said the Indian. Then he took a deep breath. All right, if the White man wants to play this way he was ready. Setting aside finesse he said bluntly, "Look, mister, you want to take recordings. All right. How much you prepared to pay?"

"Pay?" This was no acting. The Welshman genuinely was shocked. "Pay?" he repeated, his sad eyes opened wide. "What! Pay to record your tribal songs—the songs of your ancestors? You want money so that I can send your art to Australia?" The Welshman could not believe his ears. He was breathless with suppressed emotion. "I have no money for this. All I want to do is to prove to the Australians that you have art, culture, that——."

Stonily the Indian stared at him. I expected him to say: "You heap no good." Probably he did not understand all the Welshman said, for the Welshman's passion was roused and he was singing his words as an emotional Welshman often will. Instead, the Indian in his soft, level voice said: "Look, mister, I don't know anything about Australians. What I do know is that you get paid for your job. I want to get paid for mine." Then he added with some force: "We Indians have been pushed around long enough."

This struck a chord for the Welshman. "Man alive," he exclaimed, his eyes shining, head thrown back, "we are alike. I am a Welshman. Once, proudly we lived as rulers, as a nation, in Britain. Then came the English colonialists, and gradually they drove us out of our lands, back to the green mountains of Wales! You, too, have been exploited by colonialists—many of them originally from Britain—and your land has been stolen and you have been driven into reservations. We are both victims of cruel colonialism: the Indians and the Welsh are brothers in misery. One day we shall rise again and be a nation. But, meanwhile, do not, I beg of you, humble your pride and ask for money for——."

"How much you willing to pay, mister? We haven't got all day." The Indian lit another cigarette.

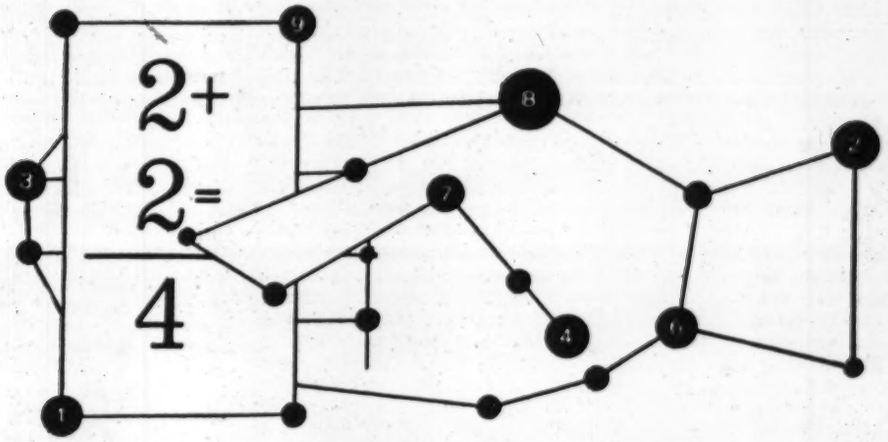
"But I'm serious about——."

"So am I," said the Indian. "I don't understand what you are getting at. I thought you said something about Australia. What's all this about a Welshman? What's a Welshman? You sound like an Englishman. I don't know. It don't make sense to me. If you want us to do any recordings it'll cost you fifty bucks apiece."

"Fifty bucks each!" The Welshman made a rapid calculation. "What! $400 to record your songs. Why, that's——."

"I'll sing you one song myself for $100," bargained the Indian. "And I'll beat a drum and I'll throw in a dance as well."

The Welshman stood up. He looked disillusioned. "I have no money for this," he said.



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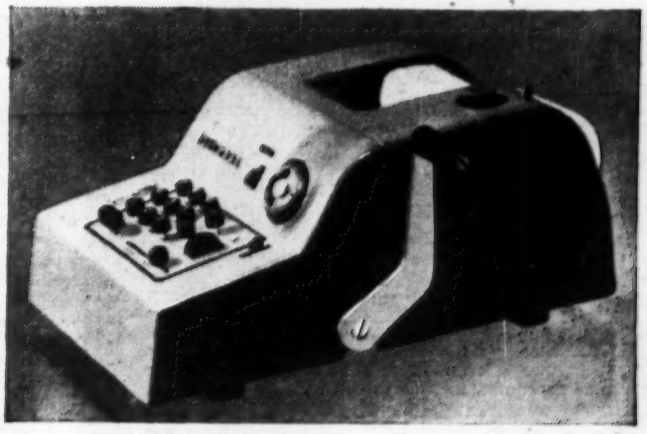

"Put it on your expenses account," broke in the knowing Indian. "All you radio and newspapermen get expenses accounts."

"Even if I could I'm not sure that I would want to," replied the Welshman. "I, too, am from an oppressed nation. I truly understand your feelings. I wish I could help you. But let us not commercialise our dying culture in this manner."

"What's gotten into you?" demanded Chief Yellow Corn. "What's all this stuff about nations, and dying? Look, we've got something you want. How much dough? That's the only question."

"You don't understand," said the Welshman hopelessly. "This is all very tragic."

Not sure if the Welshman was still trying to bargain in some way which he did not understand, Chief Yellow Corn moved over towards me. He looked with curiosity, carefully noting my beard. "You a Welshman? Australian?" I told him I was English. Conscious of my ancestral role of oppressor of both Red Indians and the Welsh, I fumbled self-consciously with the dead microphone. "What," demanded the Chief, "do they know about us in England? Do they know how we Indians have been pushed around? All this land—all of America, by rights, belong to us. It's not right. It's wicked. All I've asked him for is fifty bucks each. That's not much, it is?" The Chief glanced at his gold wrist-watch and reached for his feathered headpiece.

Then the secretary came in and said it was time for the Indians' turn and the audience was waiting. Tomahawks in hand, the Indians filed out, and soon we heard their voices lifted in battle song. "But they don't understand," muttered the Welshman, as we struggled down the stairs with the unused equipment. "I wanted to help them. The Welsh, too, have suffered. But we still have our music. They can't take that away from us. And freely we give it to the world."

ALEX JOSEY

The Arts and Entertainment

Guttuso: A Conversation

Benedict Nicolson:

Many people have been to see the 20 recent oil paintings—some of them large—by Guttuso at the Leicester Galleries. Whether the reaction to them has been favourable or unfavourable, everyone must have felt that here was something new. Here is a welcome change from the now monotonous exhibitions of formalist clichés.

John Berger:

I agree, but this exhibition isn't, of course, just a novelty. It demonstrates in practice long-standing Socialist theories of art, and is also linked with the whole tradition of European humanism. But you are right in so far as Guttuso's work sets a new example. And this, I believe, is one of his conscious intentions. He paints as Corbusier builds—in order to teach, to challenge other artists.

B.N.:

Apart from his desire to teach, he has also surely the desire to communicate to a mass audience. I believe he has this audience constantly in mind and that this conditions the nature of his work. This is important, because the same cannot be said of the best art of the last seventy years or so, when artists have been grateful for recognition but have never modified their style in order to obtain it.

J.B.:

Certainly it is true that those most concerned with mass communication have been those dealing in commercial "culture." And what I find of revolutionary importance in Guttuso's work is that his desire to communicate with a popular audience is combined with his acceptance of the discoveries of the modern Masters.

B.N.:

I would go further and suggest he could never have become a serious artist at all without having assimilated the modern movements. I think you are quite correct to stress in the preface to the catalogue that he stems from the two most productive styles of our time: Cubism and Expressionism—not from just one.

J.B.:

Obviously modern forms are needed to express contemporary reality. But what makes his work significant is his grasp of that reality—not just his style. It is Guttuso's understanding of our historical and social position which finally enables his anger, his compassion, his sense of human dignity, to be applied to subjects which can fully justify them.

B.N.:

I see that you have a different idea from myself of what constitutes significant human subjects. You insist on confining these to the heroic actions of the working class. Surely their struggles are no more stirring as a subject for art than the struggle of other classes.

J.B.:

There is no other class struggle, only resistance to that of the working class. The social crisis in which we live is the result of the crumbling of the position and the values of the upper and middle classes. And I think the obscurity and remoteness of so much contemporary art, to which you referred, is closely bound up with this. I believe that only those who identify themselves with the vigour of the class which will take their place, can have the confidence and perspective to allow their full human feelings to develop. These can then be applied to absolutely any subject.

B.N.:

But this is precisely what Guttuso fails to do. Take his picture of *Boogie-Woogie in Rome*. A night-club of bourgeois students jiving. You would have thought he would have shown some sympathy towards ebullient teenagers. But not at all. He paints their frustration, their corruption. He satirises American infiltration by a Mondrian on the wall. I submit that it is because they were unfortunate enough not to belong to the correct class that he treated them with such dismal lack of sympathy.

J.B.:

Nonsense. If you look at the faces of the adolescents—the girl who hasn't got a boy for example—you will find considerable sympathy for their predicaments and a recognition of the vitality of their youth. What he satirises is the cult that misleads, and, as you rightly say, frustrates them.

B.N.:

Yes, but Guttuso would never depict corruption among the workers.

J.B.:

Here one must consider the pattern of the facts. Arbitrarily isolated facts can only lead to triviality in art. When one talks of an artist expressing his time one means that he has seized upon what is typical not incidental. Of course, there are individual corrupt workers. Of course, there are decent bourgeois. But the fact remains that it is the peasants in Italy who remain undernourished, the working class who, in their struggle for their rights, get shot, and the bourgeoisie who connive.

B.N.:

I think you exaggerate. We must disagree here. Simply because I attach more importance than you do to individual morality. But I do agree—and this is the vital point—that the nobility and grandeur of Guttuso's pictures are the direct outcome of his political and social convictions. Look at the *Dead Worker*; he lies stretched out on his bed like Mantegna's *Dead Christ*. It is an intensely moving picture, precisely because of the artist's identification with the man's suffering.

J.B.:

One can only yield oneself to something which one has entirely assimilated. The fact that Guttuso can identify himself so completely with a dead worker is proof of how personally and how individually he embraces his morality. But this identification is only the means of his and our being moved. What is finally moving is the truth of the scene—the limp white sheets that covered so much pain, the grief of the man's comrades and family. A work of art is moving in direct ratio to the degree to which it extends our experience of significant, objective facts.

B.N.:

Come now! Some facts which are not "significant" in your sense, and some purely personal sensations, are rich material for art. All that matters is that the artist should believe them and convince us of the authenticity of his sensations. It would be foolish to argue that Van Gogh was less significant as an artist when expressing intensely personal emotions than when gearing his sensations to some social ideal.

J.B.:

I entirely disagree. The most moving Van Goghs are precisely those in which his intense emotions are applied to objective reality. It was because his own over-personal sensations finally smothered his vision that he killed himself. One day his work will be reassessed in the light of this fact. When, however, Van Gogh said that he wanted to paint a landscape as it would strike the postman walking across it, his attitude was very similar to Guttuso's, who views the world objectively and is only romantic in the fervour of his expression. It is the everyday life of Italy, the carrying in of the weight of the harvest, the determination of the miner, the setting up of telegraph poles through a landscape, the terracing of the hills, that Guttuso celebrates.

B.N.:

But what about the quality of the celebration? There seems at times to be a crudity in both draughtmanship and colour which is difficult to explain in so accomplished an artist. I accept the harshness of his *Heroine of the Fight for the Land* as I would accept a Soutine. But compare his miner with the equivalent Géricaults from which it partly derives, or his cactus landscape with a Fauve Derain. Is there any reason besides incompetence why they should be clumsier?

J.B.:

Certain passages may be clumsy and insufficiently worked out. But there are plenty of reasons for this. It is easy to be sensitive and illegible. The problem of bringing the tradition of modern art out of the Museum almost single-handed; the problem of interpreting contemporary events with all their haste and urgency, in a way which adds up to something far more profound than rapportage and makes them legendary; the problem of painting with an insistent clarity that is not the result of over-simplification—look at the seizing arm of the Magnani-like woman on a ladder in *The Flood*—these problems are formidable. Compare the Guttusos with the Moynihans in the next room. Simply in terms of drawing, the difference is that between blowing smoke-rings and struggling like a wainwright to fashion a wheel that will turn.

B.N.:

However much we may differ in our interpretation, we seem to agree that the exhibition is an encouraging indication that art is being re-born.

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COLLINS

Theatre In Search of an Audience

THE real problem for a theatre like the Arts Theatre Club is to create an audience. This is something quite different from merely increasing membership so that there is a larger pool of sporadic patrons who will be attracted by this or that scheduled event. An audience in the important sense is a following (but at best it should also be a "leading") such as enabled Mr. Norman Marshall, for instance, to run his Gate Theatre so adventurously in the old days, or such as Barrault has been able to command in Paris. This kind of audience, because it is more cohesive than the random gatherings in Shaftesbury Avenue, is more creative; it is also more exacting and demands a very high standard both in the presentation and the material. The first of these is on the whole easier to supply at the moment than the second; we have many good actors and actresses, many of them too much out of work; we have good designers, excellent technicians; a few, but not enough, good producers. But when it comes to the material for these executants to attract their audiences with, that is another matter.

Why there is so little good writing for the theatre remains a mystery. But the fact is that the stage, although it offers very good rewards at least for the successful, does not at the moment seem to attract writers. If there were such a theatre and such an audience as I have outlined, I believe that the material might discover itself; our talented novelists might be prepared to try their hand, given this opportunity; and it is one of the great advantages of this kind of cohesive and loyal audience that it is more indulgent to the half success. But here we have one of those unbreakable vicious circles—without the audience, no material: without the material, no audience. What clearly we must hope for is the arrival of an outstanding man, whether a playwright, a producer, or an artistic *entrepreneur*, a sort of Diaghilev, who would create both.

I don't think it unfair to say—but this is necessarily guesswork—that the Arts Theatre under Mr. Alec Clunes and Mr. John Fernald, though it did invaluable work, never succeeded in creating an audience in my sense. The mainstay of its repertoire was the late nineteenth-century theatre, Ibsen, Chekhov, Shaw, and we were very grateful to be able to see there plays which we could see nowhere else. Under Mr. Campbell Williams, the new proprietor, and his director, Mr. Peter Hall, the mainstay is to be apparently the more or less contemporary French theatre. They begin with the current production of Obey's *Sacrifice to the Wind* and continue next month with Julien Green's *South*, and there are several others to follow in the next six months. Whether or not this will prove a policy which begins to create an audience remains to be seen. Personally I think that this can only happen when the bulk of the plays is English, and I've no doubt that Mr. Williams and Mr. Hall would agree with me. If they could find half a dozen really exciting, contemporary English plays they would put them on at once. In default of this, there is certainly a large number of contemporary plays from other countries which we shall welcome the chance of seeing.

The difficulty about the French theatre over here is quite simply that it doesn't translate. This is a question as much of spirit as of language. Isn't it true to say, that at the heart of French theatre lies a delight in emotional dialectic or intellectual disputation, and that a French audience takes pleasure both in the fineness and exactness with which this is conducted by the playwright and in the skill with which actors trained in this art deliver its twists and turns? Whereas, generally speaking, English audiences easily become bored when asked to listen to dialectical arguments, and English actors are all but incapable of delivering them. This perhaps goes some way to explaining the comparative failure of the current Arts production of the Obey play. Mr. John Whiting's version seemed to me extremely felicitous. But this almost actionless piece, which depends for its dramatic excitement on the contrast of points of view, makes little effect, especially if the actors have not the style with which to manage it. Faced with a new part, an English actor looks for two things—first something which will help him to find a convincing "characterisation," and second, the bits at which he can pull out an emotional stop or two. But if his role represents not a person but an abstract quality (royalty, nobility, self-sacrifice and so on) "characterisation" will only throw us off the scent; and if the style of writing aims at catching the light and supple interplay of logic, emotional underlining will only hold us up. But whether an English audience would even so respond to a different treatment of *Sacrifice to the Wind* I am not convinced. Perhaps the play only comes alive for us in the last five minutes when at last action supervenes on an hour and a quarter's talk. And the fact may well be that what we want is not translation from the French but thoroughgoing adaptation. Mr. Miles Malleson's versions of Molière or the Christopher Fry-Peter Brook *Ring Round the Moon* may not be very near Molière or Anouilh respectively, but at least they make sense to us and are at the same time enjoyable in their own right.

T. C. WORSLEY

Chaplinesque

"The Overcoat," at the Curzon
"The Country Girl," at the Plaza

No iron curtain divides us from the great Russians. The other week we had Pushkin and Chekhov; now it is Gogol's turn. *The Overcoat* is one of those gay, grim tales (I seem to remember someone going into a room so obscured with smoke as to hide the cockroaches) that edge into fantasy and the supernatural. He liked to imagine things superseding people and coming into their own. Paper souls, noses, overcoats—this overcoat is the dream of its possessor and when it is stolen and he dies, he comes back to snatch overcoats off others. This sad ghost had never been in life more than an inferior civil servant, devoted to the Gothic letters of his copy-writing and cooking his poor stew in a back alley; one overcoat, one evening of mixed applause, and the equivocal return represent his sum of being.

He comes to us on the screen through Italian eyes. (Odd this interchange of races and centuries.) Is it in Russia or Italy? Where do the push buttons and the tight-pressed dance partners belong? Are we—this is all that matters—in Gogol? It begins right, with the shabby little marionette figure trudging through the streets and stopping to warm his hands at a horse's breath, but then for a time film-comedy takes over. How many times before have the humours of the council been paraded, the municipal window-dressing, the Mayor's conceit and the provincial houri, the pending visit from one high up, and the little men to whom it all, pathetically, means nothing? The last film showing at the Curzon, *Welcome, Mr. Marshall*, extracted farce from this very theme, which, if one looked carefully, would be found to have started from Gogol himself, whose *Government Inspector* has proved a treasure for film writers.

But there are sharper touches of comedy than might be expected; and in Renato Rascel emerges a clown of quality. The Mayor and all—mere creatures of plot—dwindle; what matters is that this padding pleading little man with the agouti face is capable of moving us and inspiring scripter and director. He enjoys some admirable Chaplinesque passages. His journey under others' shelter through the rain, his visit to the photographer's (that snatch at the posed cigarette!), and all his dealings with the tailor who makes the overcoat (and whom, from the programme attributions, one can't disentangle) are high comedy.

I can't help feeling that if the film had kept

closer to its centre—as Gogol did—and not tried to enlarge matters with archæological treasures, ladies undressing across the way, little dogs, mayoral wickedness, and the like, it would have been considerably better. It wouldn't, for example, have found such difficulty in ending, because there'd have been far less to wind up. Its personalities would have come cleaner, its satire would have avoided mawkishness, and fantasy would have sprouted.

Still, I don't want to overdo my complaints. *The Overcoat* has pretty images and an undertow of feeling, and at its best makes us laugh loud. And Renato Rascel is worth going all the way to Petrograd via Tuscany to meet. The director, Alberto Lattuada, uses his eye and ear for ridicule, and brings off at least one splendid confusion: the gibbering echoes of the Mayor's speech and the triumph of the humble cortège.

To his repertoire of sleek comfort Mr. Bing Crosby, in *The Country Girl*, adds the role of slippery drunk who has tripped the heights of musical comedy. He does well enough; and William Holden and Grace Kelly work tensely as the friend and wife of genius. But do crooning and genius go together? The trouble is really that one set of dramatics—a Clifford Odets play—has been transposed to the quite different key of show business, with the result that off-stage means more stagy.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

The Badger on the Hearth

THE President of Queen's University, Belfast, is broadcasting a most interesting set of talks in the Third Programme on the functions of our universities today. How conceptions of what a university should be and should do vary from decade to decade, or even from person to person, as shown in his general title, *Ivory Tower and Service Station*. In his first talk Dr. Ashby dealt with the subject of patronage. Our universities, even the oldest and noblest, are largely financed by the State: how can they keep their autonomy? He concluded: "One of the many dangers of modern scholarship is that much of it is so specialised that it has scarcely any audience.... So the interpretation of academic knowledge to the public becomes . . . the chief safeguard for the autonomy of the universities." Interpretation of specialisms: popularisation: if these are to be the chief sanctions of the autonomy of our universities, equally, it seems to me, they must become the chief sanctions of all those pursuits we think of as good in themselves. In a sense, at a time when we have a huge splintered public, they have constantly to be justified if they are to survive, and they can only be justified by having their virtues continually demonstrated. The balanced man of the Renaissance, the Victorian like Acton who took all knowledge for his province, may no longer be possible; but the less he becomes possible the more we are bound to take him as an ideal. We know the ideal will never be contained in a single human being again, but we can imagine it existing, as a sort of monstrous mechanical brain into which all knowledge may be fed and from which all knowledge may be extracted, in broadcasting and television.

The trouble is, only the specialist is competent to judge of the success or otherwise of the interpretation to the general public of his specialism. There is no way round this; and perhaps in many fields the utmost the layman may hope to achieve is the conviction, through a series of baffled glimpses, that the specialism is important, has its value, and is worth while, though he may never expect to fathom it. Perhaps interpretation cannot do more than make us share, temporarily and vicariously, in another man's enthusiasms, in someone else's single-mindedness. If it can do this, I suggest, it is doing much.

But to take two recent instances from the Third. I listened, admittedly from a sense of duty and with Dr. Ashby in mind, to a talk on economics, *Competition at the Counter*, by Lady

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Hall, who is a Fellow of Somerville. She was discussing changes in the distributive trades and the economic effects upon them of retail price maintenance. Not my cup of tea. Lady Hall, in other words, had to fight to hold my attention and that, I imagine, of all like me. She succeeded at any rate well enough to make me think, as a man whose nine-and-six in the pound goes partly in Treasury grants to the universities, that money spent on the kind of research she was advocating would be money well spent.

The other instance was much more within my own territory: Mr. R. D. Smith's production of Middleton's play *Women Beware Women*. It is not a play I have read and so I cannot tell how much of its success was due to Mr. Smith's adaptation; but it seemed to me as good a production of Elizabethan drama as I have heard on the air, and tremendously exciting in its own right. Mr. Smith, with a splendid cast at his disposal—it included Beatrix Lehmann, Dorothy Green, Anthony Jacobs and Felix Felton—quite triumphantly pulled *Women Beware Women* out of the dust of Bullen's collected edition. One can only wonder how it would have gone down with a Home Service audience: I think the vigour and the passion would have carried it.

In television, the most obvious success to date in the interpretation of specialisms lies in archæology. But natural history follows closely behind it, and here the credit is due to Mr. Desmond Hawkins, who for years has been putting natural history programmes on the air, and Mr. Peter Scott. The films he introduces are probably the most consistently delightful and fascinating things we see on our screens. The other evening we saw a film of wild life in the Antarctic made by Dr. William Sladen, the biologist to the Falkland Islands Dependencies Survey: penguins are always irresistible. The most remarkable we have seen, I think, have been those of badger cubs at play—an extraordinary feat both of patience and photography—and of the nesting habits of woodpeckers. The badger film has already been repeated in *Children's Television* and I hope the others will follow there. I admit the irony and the absurdity, which go to the core of TV. Badgers are the shyest of our animals and actually to catch their cubs at play demands a skill in observation, not to mention an intensity of interest and an inexhaustible interest, that very very few of us possess. We have done nothing to deserve these wonderful films which we see at our firesides with our feet in slippers. The situation is no doubt productive of any number of morals.

WILLIAM SALTER

Italian Opera, at the Stoll

The Stoll season offers five operas, sung by a relatively undistinguished company—names of secondary eminence in Italy—with Mme Carosio to lead the troupe. Donizetti's *Elisir d'Amore* is most worth the visit, for Carosio is still a captivating Adina. Arturo La Porta's finical, witty Dulcamara is a Harley Street medico fallen on bad days, and Guido Mazzini's Sergeant, likewise, is funny without a trace of grossness—rare event! The tenor is, at any rate, above tolerance level, and made a very fair shot at "Una furtiva lagrima." So—again squiring Carosio—he did at "Chiudo gli occhi" in *Manon*; but this is best avoided, since Carosio redrapes her phrases round her best notes, and Massenet retreats before her weltering emotion, her great smacking kisses. *Tosca*, with Kyra Vayne, Pier Miranda Ferraro and Franco Mieli, was a carefully worked out, intelligently acted and fairly well sung performance. The same cast, plus Paola Stacchini's strapping healthy mezzo, made a lusty showing in *Trovatore*. *Bohème* had the novelty of a Schaunard (La Porta) singing his colleagues off the stage, but there was at least a lively confidence about the performance which made the evening far from dull. Settings are plausible, orchestral playing (and conducting) undisciplined in *Tosca* and *Bohème*, passable elsewhere.

A. P.

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HEINEMANN

Correspondence

FARM PRICES

SIR,—Mr. Lloyd's article on subsidies and prices is valuable, and gives an admirable account of the present situation. But, perhaps because it is an instinctive reaction of a farmer, I feel that he approaches the problem too much with the eyes of the Ministry of Food—or should one say of the housewife with her shopping basket over her arm?—rather than with those of a man anxious to ensure a long-term supply of food at prices which are fair both to the producer and consumer. Surely the question should not be merely "Where can we get our food cheapest, regardless of the effect the low prices may have both on the standard of living of the producer of that cheap food, and on the trade that we are able to have with him?" For reasons of social justice, for the promotion of political stability in other countries, and for the sake of our own exports, we should take steps to see that the price that we pay to the foreign producer, no less than to our own farmers, is a fair price based on legitimate production cost and reasonable standard of living, rather than a bargain basement one based purely on our superior position as a buyer—which may well change overnight into a scarcity price based on his superior position as a seller.

If we start planning our food policy on these lines, while accepting the facts given by Mr. Lloyd, we shall come to different conclusions from his, conclusions which will be based upon long-term guaranteed prices both to home and overseas producers. Furthermore, we shall not look upon farm subsidies and minimum wages for farm workers as the taxpayers' contribution to social welfare, as Mr. Lloyd suggests. We shall regard them as a means of ensuring that one of our most important industries is put into the position of being able to play both its economic and social role efficiently.

One final criticism. It is unfortunate that in his quotation from Professor Nash's paper "The Competitive Position of British Agriculture" Mr. Lloyd selects those items of production where we compare unfavourably with the rest of Europe. To counteract this, may I quote from the same paper. Only Denmark and the Netherlands receive lower wheat prices than does the British farmer, the other countries of Europe ranging from 12 per cent. to 77 per cent. higher. With cattle, Denmark alone has lower prices.

H. D. WALSTON

Newton, nr. Cambridge.

SIR,—As a farmer I should like to make a few comments on your article "Subsidies and Farm Prices."

One of the main causes of the present situation is that food prices to the consumer were subsidised during years of scarcity, and the public gradually got into the habit of spending a smaller and smaller proportion of their income on food. They were taught to expect cheap food as a right.

As regards the farmers' income, it should be remembered that the average farmer has £5,000-£10,000 risked in his business; and unless he can obtain a profit equal to 5 per cent. on this investment *and* a wage for his actual manual work, he would be better off financially to invest his capital elsewhere and take a paid job.

Farmers have increased their efficiency, and had their profit per unit of production cut enormously in recent years, as can be seen from the following figures relating to the egg producers' costs and returns:

	1939	1947	1955
Eggs, av. price to producer per dozen ..	1/3d	4/-	4/1d
Feeding stuffs per ton	£7/10	£15/10	£38
Wages per week	36/6d	90/-	127/-

Feeding stuffs and wages are 90 per cent. of the cost of egg production. I should be interested to see similar figures to the above for other industries.

JAMES ANDERSON

Hillfield, Cerne Abbas.

FEAR OF THE BOMB

SIR,—I fear J. B. S. Haldane is far too optimistic in his estimate of the value of Civil Defence in the face of a nuclear air attack. Even if the deep shelters could be provided, almost insuperable problems would arise in the organisation of their public use. These difficulties derive from the extreme destructive power of the bombs, the high speed of the aircraft carrying them and the necessity of maintaining, in spite of the attacks, some measure of productivity and coherent social life.

A thermonuclear bomb having an energy output equivalent to 20 megatons of T.N.T. would devastate an area of some 300 square miles by fire and blast, quite apart from any effects of radioactivity. Thus every bomb successfully delivered would damage beyond repair an area the size of Greater London.

In view of this, an attempt would have to be made to intercept every single raider approaching our coasts. It would no longer be possible, as in the last war, to ignore solitary high-flying aircraft, since any one of them might be carrying the thermonuclear bomb. At every approach, then, Fighter Command would go into action and the warning sirens be sounded. But over what area would the alarm be given? This is where the speed problem arises.

Let us suppose that the radar system detects an aircraft approaching Southampton from the South-West. The Southampton sirens sound, and its population gets a few minutes warning. Meantime what are the Controllers in London, Birmingham and Plymouth to do? For the raider may swerve away from its apparent target and go racing towards one of these other cities, at a rate of some ten miles a minute. If, therefore, the London Controller decides to hold his hand until the outcome of the Southampton approach is clear, then he risks exposing the population of the metropolis to destruction, as it will now be too late for the warning to be effective. If, however, the authorities played for safety and sounded the sirens in all the Southern and Midland cities before the attacker crossed the coast, then half of England could be immobilised by a single aeroplane

approaching from the South. Such runs could be kept up all round the clock with the object of exhausting Fighter Command and destroying the public morale. If the sirens were kept constantly sounding, all the processes of normal life and industry would be paralysed.

The more one examines this subject, and the more paper one spoils with calculations, the more clear it becomes that any idea of Civil Defence is a mirage. The hope of survival lies, not in becoming a nation of troglodytes, but in setting on foot negotiations for reducing international tension and thus opening the way for eventual disarmament.

Sandhill Park, Taunton. S. Cook

Sir,—Many people will be grateful to Sir Richard Acland for the emphasis and clarity of his protest against the making of hydrogen bombs in Britain. The trouble with the present policy of deterrence is not that it rests on fear, but that it rests on fear alone. The pressures that make for war—the fear of becoming weaker and poorer—are checked by another pressure, the fear of the consequences of nuclear warfare. There is no guarantee that this check will be permanent. World war may be world suicide, but when a man finds himself in what seems an intolerable situation, suicide is just what he is likely to commit.

A certain amount of fear will do no harm. (Panic about cholera, after all, did quite a lot for public health services in Britain.) Fear of Communism or Titoism will help us to be more generous, fear of H-bombs may make us more cautious. But the fear will only serve a positive purpose if we have a policy aimed at *easing*, not merely repressing, the pressures that make for war. The importance of "uncommitted nations" lies partly in the fact that it eases tension if Russia and America feel that they have something to gain by diplomacy, even though it may be hoped that they will be eternally frustrated. But more important still is the opportunity given to those uncommitted nations to deal with the deeper causes of war. A wholehearted attempt to reduce the disparity between rich and poor nations would be tackling by voluntary effort a problem which in the past has been largely left to work itself out through violence.

Acland has dramatically confronted the common newspaper reader, and more especially his own constituents, with these issues. He deserves all the support we can give him.

Geoffrey Carnall

43 Wellesley Avenue,
Belfast.

NEW LOOK IN THE U.S.S.R.

Sir,—The dramatic impact of Malenkov's resignation seems to have caused Mr. Alexander Werth's sense of the "new" to run away with him. He writes: "The Khrushchev Report was important in other respects. For the first time in many years the Soviet leader gave some information on the problem of the Russian population. According to Khrushchev, it is now increasing at the rate of three million a year. . . . Khrushchev, moreover, added that, in the last five years alone, there had been a further migration from rural to urban areas of no fewer than 17 million people." As a matter of fact, the giving of information about population increases is no new thing in the U.S.S.R., nor is the figure of three million more Soviet citizens a year an addition to public knowledge. A speaker at the last Congress of the Soviet Communist Party in October, 1952, mentioned that "during the past three years the net increase in population amounted to 9,500,000," a statement which was met, according to newspaper reports, with "prolonged applause." The speaker was G. M. Malenkov.

Mr. Werth is wrong in attributing to Khrushchev the assertion that 17 million people have migrated from country to town in the last five years. What he said was that the urban population had grown by approximately 17 million in the last five years; of this increase *nine* million was due to migration from the countryside.

Again, the giving of information about the remarkable growth of the urban population of the U.S.S.R. is not new in principle. A speaker in the U.S.S.R. Supreme Soviet on August 8, 1953—as before, G. M. Malenkov—mentioned that the urban population had risen from 61 million in 1940 to 80 million in 1953.

Brian Pearce

71 Chalfont Avenue,
Wembley.

WHICH SIDE OF THE FENCE?

Sir,—The excellent study of Lord Citrine which appeared in your issue of March 5 was somewhat marred by the last few sentences. In them the trade unions are accused of a lukewarm response to efforts to produce successful joint consultation in the electricity industry.

Believe me, if trade unionists display a little cynicism here it is born of their frustration in seeing a fine and wholesome idea undermined by the hidebound attitudes of the managerial caste which sits on the other side (in effect, if not literally) of the table. My experience of joint consultation in the industry, shared by many others I have met who have also taken part in it, is that local Advisory Committees will talk amicably and fulsomely about anything under the sun except matters which the chairman (always a Board's representative) labels under the nebulous heading "managerial functions." So many matters appear to have their place in this widely embracing category that many active trade unionists, passionately wanting to see nationalised electricity succeed, have ceased to show enthusiasm for joint consultation).

I am afraid that the crux of the matter is that, in their anxiety not to be accused of providing "jobs for the boys" (which of course the Tory press would have accused them of anyway), the powers that were sought their executives, major and minor, from the ranks of Tuscany. They can now hardly be surprised that the bases of such matters as joint consultation do not appeal overmuch to these gentry.

Dennis Mason

VENEZUELAN REFUGEES

Sir,—Most Latin Americans in Britain will welcome your reference in The New Statesman and Nation of March 5 to the situation of the Venezuelan political exiles in Trinidad. What is happening there contravenes the traditional hospitality of Trinidad towards Venezuelan refugees. The special importance of this is that, in Latin America, the institution of political asylum is one of the best maintained traditions. The recent diplomatic dispute between Peru and Colombia about the case of Haya de la Torre is a good example. Although there were deep ideological antagonisms between Peru and Columbia, the Columbian Government was firm about the grant of asylum. More recently, there was the case of the Guatemalan refugees. Many of them went to Mexico. The present Guatemalan Government demanded their extradition on the charge of "civil crimes," but the Mexican authorities have refused to hand them over.

The situation in Trinidad is the more serious because neither Venezuela nor Trinidad has formulated any concrete charges to justify the threat of deportation.

Norberto Gonzales
President
Latin American Society,
London School of Economics.

CRUELTY TO PRISONERS

Sir,—I refer to a letter concerning treatment of United Nations prisoners of war in Korea which appeared in your issue of March 12. The writers, having assumed that most people will regard the recent Government publication on the subject as pure propaganda, go on to infer that the Chinese reputation for cruelty is mythical. They overlook the fact that most of the outrages against prisoners were committed by Koreans.

In September, 1945, in reoccupied Malaya, I saw several torture cells formerly used by the Kempi Tai, the Japanese military police. Each was spattered with blood and furnished with instruments of torture. In two cases I saw hair, teeth and finger nails on the floor. The Kempi Tai in Malaya was composed largely of Koreans. Several Japanese officers to whom I spoke expressed their aversion from Korean

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CHATTO & WINDUS

methods of treating prisoners. It is difficult to believe that since 1945 Koreans have undergone a complete change of heart in this matter. I feel that the average man who has seen proof of, or suffered, Korean brutality in Malaya and elsewhere during 1942-45 will find that the Government's publication is consistent with his own experience.

PETER RODWELL

Heath Heights, Sheets Heath,
Brookwood, Surrey.

TEACHERS' PAY

SIR,—Part of Mr. D. O. Dixon's letter on the recent Burnham award makes sense only on the assumption that he has got his terms wrong. Is he confusing "qualified" and "graduate" teachers? With rare exceptions, Infant and Junior schools are staffed by qualified non-graduates who have obtained a teacher's certificate at a Teachers' Training College; teaching in Grammar Schools is done by graduates who have taken a University degree in their subject. Since 1944 some graduates have taught in Secondary Modern schools, but it is not likely that the new award will cause large-scale defections. This award is designed to reward "additional personal qualifications"; its object is mainly to divert highly qualified Science and Mathematics graduates from industry to teaching, and it will encourage good Arts graduates already in teaching to apply for posts involving advanced work where their academic qualifications will be used to best advantage. Your own editorial criticism that "higher pay will depend on standard of pupils rather than on the teacher's personal abilities" is met if the award is seen in this light.

21 Rutland Avenue, A. D. PETTY
Thorpe Bay.

MULTILINGUALISM IN MALAYA

SIR,—"A Singapore Correspondent" who wrote the piece on Malaya on February 26 was obviously not in Singapore at the time of the Rendel Commission; or, if he was, then he must have a very bad memory. For it is quite untrue to say "Neither during the sittings of the Commission nor when the report was made public was the subject of multilingualism an issue." As president of the Singapore Union of Journalists, I addressed the Commission on the subject (and so did Raja Ratnam, the vice-chairman), and I also helped as a member of the Council of the Union to frame a memorandum on the subject. Several unions made this an issue. Our whole point was that the worker could not get real representation on the Legislative Council until he was represented by someone who could speak his own language or dialect. So very often this person could not speak English, but usually he was an accomplished speaker in his own tongue. It is true, the *Straits Times* gave us very little space, and Radio Malaya none; but the local language newspapers took it up and I'm disappointed that "A Singapore Correspondent" should so easily have fallen for the Government's line.

Singapore. ALEX JOSEY

T. E. LAWRENCE

SIR,—The controversy about T. E. Lawrence really resolves itself into puzzlement on the one side, or even abuse, from those who have known him only on paper: and admiration and love for him from those who knew him in person.

From the earliest days that I spent with him in college and his own home at Oxford he always needed to excel: and he could, whether in roof-climbing or pottery-finds or, later, in his leading of Bedouin Arabs and harrying Turks and restoring Damascus.

After the storm had died down he turned to writing, and needed to excel there too: but he seemed to lack self-criticism. His reporting was magnificent, as in so much of *The Seven Pillars* and *The Mint;* but when he came to hang ornaments on it they were apt to be tawdry—such as "the innumerable silences of the stars" or "sentient puppets on God's stage" or "the vile scrapery of hobnails" (on concrete)—and many more.

Some friends did resist these blemishes: but he liked them, and still he *would* excel. For that, he needed peace and leisure to write and enough to live on. Also he loved fine machines. Why not a mechanic in the Air Force? No prostitution of his powers there, as in some important administrative job (*e.g.*, Egypt), the finest machinery in the world, ample leisure, young simple people about him.

So he pictured it: but he had not counted on the horror, to a sensitive person, of the hard recruit training. Then out of that disaster came inspiration: why not make a book of it?—a real book now with ample time to polish it. He made his notes night by night and then wrote them up. But again there were the blemishes of falseness; especially, for example, the false use of the swear words—salacious and spicey for the lay reader and very good "copy": but to the men who used them no more than "smashing" to a schoolboy, used with every third word or so.

Yet, of course, there shines out from *The Mint* the comradeship that enriched all contacts with him—how the youngsters round came to love him as we others had in the years before. There is the genuine Lawrence: nothing meretricious there—only his fine integrity.

VYVYAN RICHARDS

NEW BARBICAN

SIR,—May I be permitted to clarify a small detail in the excellent article on New Barbican which appeared in your issue of March 12? The reference is to the proposed offices without natural air and light. They are, in fact, designed to extend along the perimeters of the above-ground warehouse and industrial property and in this way will have the normal benefits of daylight, air and view out of their windows. This method of combining offices and industrial space has proved very satisfactory in the new re-built commercial centre of Rotterdam.

SERGEI KADLEIGH

PAUL CLAUDEL

SIR,—Unless Claudel were totally lacking in merit, surely an English public which knew little enough of him when he was living, deserves a more charitable account of his achievement than the obituary provided by "A Paris Correspondent." Claudel's personality may have been as horrible as this notice, but, nevertheless, he wrote a poetry of passionate exultation which is unequalled in this century. Like Wordsworth, all his poetry seems to revolve around two or three centres of transfiguring revelation. The effect of the great light thrown on to the moment of his religious conversion, a love affair and his vision of medieval France, is to throw his other impressions into reeling shadows and, sometimes, wicked ineptitudes. All the same, *L'Annonce fait à Marie* is the most gripping, and exalted, modern poetic drama. *Cinq grandes Odes* contain passages of affirmation of God and nature which are (I think) only paralleled in our time by a very different writer—also often savagely misunderstood—D. H. Lawrence. Most of Claudel's views are repellent to me; nor do I know enough of his work to write authoritatively about it. I know enough, however, to be deeply shocked by your notice, which seems to reflect the views of the higher philistinia. I would be grateful if you will permit me to record my recognition of an illumination in Claudel's poetry which I have sometimes felt as a force transforming experience. This is what I think great poetry should be.

STEPHEN SPENDER

SIR,—When Wordsworth died, it would have been possible for an obituary writer, with some knowledge of the poet's private life, to point out that in old age Wordsworth was so reactionary that he stamped his foot with rage when he heard that a Chartist, condemned to death, had been reprieved; and that he was so self-righteous and mean that he prided himself on not making his daughter, who had married an impoverished Irish man of letters, a regular or adequate allowance; it would also have been possible to quote a number of very inept passages from, particularly, his later poems. I do not think this would have been thought an adequate "moral" to draw from a poet's "funeral," and I think it deplorable that a great dead French poet should be insulted in your columns mainly because he was a Catholic and a conservative, and for much of his life an honourable servant of the State.

G. S. FRASER

SIR,—As a very young journalist I used to supply an undergraduate weekly with a Paris Letter based largely on the gossip columns of *Candide* and *Les Nouvelles Littéraires*. Your correspondent who writes on Claudel has gone one better. He has used *Le Canard Enchaîné*, a bright little satirical sheet in the old Parisian tradition, and has got his stuff into THE NEW STATESMAN, where it may well be read as a serious assessment.

It is wholly misleading to sneer at the honours collected normally by a retired Ambassador and at the harmless political haverings of an old man, while saying nothing of the great writer. Your correspondent, or perhaps *Le Canard Enchaîné*, mentions only one of the major works which make Claudel one of the finest poet-dramatists of his time. As for the "truly horrible patriotic poem" from which your correspondent quotes twice, it is an exception in Claudel's work and is feverishly inflated rather than horrible. It was written in 1916, when France was invaded and fighting back and I, for one, cannot follow the parallel with Indo-China. The line: "*Si la bombe fait de l'ouvrage, qu'est-ce qu'une âme humaine qui va sauter?*" refers to a grenade in the hand of an infantryman about to go over the top. The sentiment is bloodthirsty, but carries none of the modern connotations of "the bomb." This might have been pointed out.

The statement that "Claudel was little known to the general public, except as a name," reads oddly of an author whose works have sold by the hundred thousand. In my own youthful letters home, the general public was often my concierge. I wonder if your correspondent made a similar sampling?

GEOFFREY BRERETON

[The article to which our correspondents refer was, as its title indicated, intended to be no more than a topical comment on the political implications of Claudel's funeral. An appraisal of the literary standing of Claudel as a poet will appear in this journal shortly.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

BAEDEKER'S GUIDES

SIR,—May I just add a few words to what Mr. Batty, in his excellent note on the difficulties harassing the editor and publisher of guide-books, calls "trends in guide-books"? It is quite true that the hopeful traveller who, a hundred years ago, exchanged the horse and stagecoach for the railway has, with the internal combustion engine, returned to the road. Fully aware of this development, we started after the war the new series of Motoring Guides mentioned by Mr. Batty, which will eventually cover most countries in Europe and the first volumes of which will become available for the English motorist in the near future. This series is intended mainly for the motorist touring a country without, perhaps, staying for long in one particular place—as well, of course, as supplying information for the general motorist about the state of roads, gradients, etc. It is, however, not correct that we "intend to continue the standard series based on the rail-journey." Mr. Batty will, for instance, find that the new standard edition of *Great Britain*—in preparation at the moment—is entirely based on the road-network.

As for "the changing structure of the tourist class," more people are travelling today than ever before, but fewer of them, perhaps, are driven by the thirst for knowledge and education which moved our parents and grandparents. The question might be asked whether the traditional guide-book is not outmoded. I personally can see no reason why this should be the case. A guide-book, after all, is not supposed to be a relentless tyrant driving the exhausted traveller from sight to sight. It only tells him what he *can* see if his inclinations lie in that particular field. It can never replace personal experience and inspiration. The aim of a guide-book must always remain basically the same: to provide informatiton as comprehensive, objective, clear and accurate as possible. Is this not as "modern" in the atomic age as it was a hundred years ago?

OTTO BAEDEKER

40 Museum Street, W.C.1.

JOHN MURRAY

March Books

GHOSTS OF THE SPANISH STEPS

Daniele Varè

The author of *Laughing Diplomat* conjures up in his inimitable way many of the famous people connected with the celebrated Roman stairway. There are personal stories, historic stories, charm, humour, urbanity and Signor Varè's own particular perception.

Illustrated 18s. net

THREE HOWARD SISTERS

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Maud, Lady Leconfield
Revised and completed by
John Gore

Selections from the writings of Lady Caroline Lascelles, Lady Dover and Countess Gower, 1825-1833. These three daughters of the 6th Earl of Carlisle give a fascinating picture of domestic and public life. *Illustrated* 21s. net

ISLANDS OF CONTRAST

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Here is a lively picture of New Zealand as seen by an alert young Englishwoman fresh from an 8,000-mile trek in the out-back of Australia.

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THE IMAGERY OF BRITISH CHURCHES

M. D. Anderson
Author of 'Looking for History in British Churches'

A book to help visitors to churches to answer some of the many questions which arise in their minds as they study the sculpture, stained glass, and wall-paintings which these contain.

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Gwen White

In many coloured pictures the author shows the different applications of perspective, and these pictures are so designed that when they are held towards the light the construction lines show through. *Illustrated* 15s. net

50 Albemarle Street, W.1

The Twentieth-Century Capitalist Revolution

ADOLF A. BERLE, JR.

In this searching analysis of capitalism in our own time, Mr. Berle, who is Professor of Corporation Law at Columbia Law School, focuses attention on the corporation, which he treats as a social and political institution rather than a business device. His book represents the first complete overhauling of our concepts of capitalism since Adam Smith and David Ricardo. April 15. 8s. 6d.

FICTION

Variable Winds at Jalna

MAZO DE LA ROCHE

This new novel carries the Whiteoak chronicle near to the present day. It is the fourteenth Jalna novel. The first was published in 1927. All are in print. They have been translated into thirteen languages. 12s. 6d.

The Red Petticoat
and other Stories

BRYAN MACMAHON

This new collection by the author of *The Lion Tamer* has already caused a stir in America. 'Most of these twenty stories hold their own not only with the best in contemporary Ireland, but with the best in English anywhere.' —*Saturday Review*. April 5. 12s. 6d.

Leo Tolstoy

WAR AND PEACE

A reprint of the one-volume edition in the annotated translation by Louise and Aylmer Maude, based on Tolstoy's own final revision. 21s.

Illustrated Editions

CHARLES DICKENS

Great Expectations and *Hard Times* (in one volume), and *Christmas Stories*, are the two latest volumes in this well-known edition. 10s. 6d. each.

Storm Jameson

THE HIDDEN RIVER

'The finest novel she has ever written.'—*Spectator*. 'Written not only beautifully but with profound respect for the men and women whom it portrays.'—ELIZABETH BOWEN in *The Tatler*. *Book Society Choice*. 3rd large printing. 12s. 6d.

BIOGRAPHY

W. B. Yeats

AUTOBIOGRAPHIES

Six of Yeats' autobiographical works are included in this book. His own fascinating account of his career as poet, playwright, mystic and propagandist, is thus carried to 1923, the year he received the Nobel Prize for Literature. Illustrated. 21s.

L. E. Jones

A VICTORIAN BOYHOOD

'This is a book to read, not talk about.'—*New Statesman*. 'Sir Lawrence is gay, poetical and scholarly . . . a very remarkable and moving book.'—*Time and Tide*. *3rd impression*. 18s.

MACMILLAN

Spring Forecast from Oxford

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION 1917

A Personal Record BY N. N. SUKHANOV

Edited, abridged, and translated by Joel Carmichael from '*Zapiski o Revolutsii*'

An unique eye-witness account of the entire Russian Revolution by a man who, while politically unaffiliated, was inside the movement that has given rise to the present Soviet regime. It is a personal record as alive and compelling as it is sincere. Long suppressed in the Soviet Union because of its anti-official character, it gives an account of the revolution which is the antithesis of the mythology now accepted. *Illustrated.* 42*s. net.* READY 14 MAY

THE POEMS OF RICHARD CORBETT

Edited by J. A. W. Bennett and Hugh Trevor-Roper

Richard Corbett was known, and celebrated, in the late sixteenth and early seventeenth century as 'a very pleasant poetical Dean,' 'the best poet of all the Bishops of England': for despite his convivial tastes and practical jokes he became, thanks to a skilful choice of patrons, Dean of Christ Church and Bishop successively of Oxford and Norwich. This is the first edition of his poems since 1807 and it contains, as well as explanatory and textual notes, a portrait and life of the poet. 30*s. net.* READY IN MAY

THE ENGLISHMAN

A Political Journal by Richard Steele Edited by Rae Blanchard

Steele's *Englishman*, together with his pamphlets, serves as testimony to the unity and integrity of his political journalism. It has not been reprinted since his time and is therefore not readily accessible. The present edition, which for the first time unites the first and second series, contains an introduction, bibliography, and explanatory notes for individual papers. 50*s. net.* READY 14 APRIL

SWIFT—AN INTRODUCTION BY RICARDO QUINTANA

Much of Swift's writing was occasional and, when unrelated to its contemporary purpose, seems meaninglessly exaggerated and illiberal. Professor Quintana here discusses it in its context of eighteenth century thought and with reference to the development of Swift's active political and social life. The subtleties of his style, his mental agility, and the seriousness which underlay his life and writing are all demonstrated in a new perspective. 21*s. net.* READY 14 APRIL

THE FIRST WRITING BOOK—*Arrighi's Operina*

Translated and edited by John Howard Benson

In today's revival of italic handwriting, Arrighi's *Operina* is considered the best model for handwriting reform. This book contains a facsimile and the first English translation of this the earliest (sixteenth century) and finest handwriting manual of the Chancery hand. Mr. Benson has written the translation in a hand based on the original as well as providing an introduction and useful notes. 12*s.* 6*d. net.* READY 31 MARCH

LAURELS AND ROSEMARY

The Life of William and Mary Howitt BY AMICE LEE

Indefatigable writers themselves (Mrs. Howitt made the first English translation of Hans Anderson's Fairy Tales), the Howitts were the intimate friends of Wordsworth, Tennyson, Dickens and the Pre-Raphaelites, and they 'discovered' Mrs. Gaskell. Their story is told by their great-niece from old letters and journals. *Illustrated.* 30*s. net.* READY 19 MAY

¶An Oxford Forecast must include a note that the one volume edition of the *Shorter Oxford English Dictionary* (with revised and reset Addenda) will appear in April at £5.5*s.* net; on 5 May volume VIII *Engineering* 30*s. net* of the Oxford Junior Encyclopaedia will be published; and there will be two new Medium volumes in the World's Classics (*each* 6*s. net*) ready on 21 April, *Father Brown Selected Stories* by G. K. Chesterton introduced by Ronald Knox and *The Odyssey of Homer* translated by T. E. Shaw—Lawrence of Arabia—and introduced by Sir Maurice Bowra.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

JOHN WESLEY, PREACHER

by W. L. Doughty, B.A., B.D.

John Wesley could have achieved distinction in many walks in life. He chose before all things to be a preacher of the Gospel. The subjects on which he preached are closely examined and the results of his preaching are observed by himself and others. There is a sketch of the closing years of his ministry, with its increasing emphasis on the love of God mattering above all things else. 18*s.* 6*d. net.*

JESUS AND THE KINGDOM OF GOD

(The Fernley-Hartley Lecture for 1954)

By Harold Roberts M.A., Ph.D.

There has been a growing emphasis upon the need for interpreting the life and teaching of Jesus in eschatological terms, that is, in the light of that ultimate End to which under the judgment of God all life and history are referred. 12*s.* 6*d. net.*

PADRE BROWN OF GIBRALTAR

By E. R. Taylor

A memoir of a well-known and well-loved minister, whose work on the Rock is remembered by all those who were stationed there during his ministry, which extended over 29 years. 5*s. net.*

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C. S. LEWIS

'C. S. Lewis has quite a unique power of making theology an exciting and fascinating quest'—TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

THE SCREWTAPE LETTERS 23*rd imp.*	7*s* 6*d*
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and the ***Autobiography*** *in the autumn*

GEOFFREY BLES

Spring Books Supplement

LOBBIES OF THE SOUL

It is a current *cliché* that there is in England a revival, if not of religion, "at least"—with hesitant emphasis—"of *interest* in religion." There is, indeed, a good deal of evidence for this. However much preliminary organisation and advertising may have contributed to it, last year's Harringay mission was a remarkable phenomenon*; and Dr. Billy Graham himself is upon us again. People talk about religion, without embarrassment, more freely than used to be thought seemly. Of 440,000 on the total strength of the Army, 17,000 communicants (the number at Easter, 1954) are a small percentage; but this figure is an increase of 4,000 over 1953, and these are, of course, the pious "hard core" among an incalculably larger number of occasional or even regular churchgoers. Among civilians—especially among the old and the young—the "hard core" is larger.

Religion has always provided useful stunts and features for popular newspapers. There is nothing surprising in the serialisation by the *Daily Express* of the American Dr. Norman Vincent Peale's *The Power of Positive Thinking*. This was advertised as "the book that changed 2,000,000 lives"—which seems to mean only that 2,000,000 copies of it were sold in America. Dr. Donald Soper, a Methodist and a man of peace and of charity, has described it as "glucose, irrational, escapist, capitalist drivel." More significant is the greatly increased space devoted to religion by the serious reviews, with the flood of religious books, not only from Mowbray and Burns Oates and S.P.C.K., but from secular publishers. Most significant of all—in so far as it may indicate a trend of thought in the next generation of politicians, teachers, and journalists—is the revivalist vogue in the universities.

It is important, however, to examine carefully the nature of any revival that may be in train, and to relate it to the general religious situation in England. It may thus be possible to avoid such ill-informed over-simplifications as that of Vatican Radio, which announced recently that the Church of England was about to split into two parts, "High" and "Low."

The situation in the Church of England alone is, indeed, remarkably complex. There is no simple High-v.-Low or Left-v.-Right dichotomy. Ecclesiastically and politically, various schools of thought overlap, merge, cut across each other, rather as the H-bomb controversy discovered new alignments and groupings in the Parliamentary Labour Party. The High or "Anglo-Catholic" wing of the C. of E. has traditionally been associated with progressive social policies (Gore, Adderley, Jenkinson of Leeds, Conrad Noel, Fr. Groser), and most of the left-wing parsons in the Society of Socialist Clergy and Ministers are High rather than Low. Yet among the Anglo-Catholics are also Miss Sayers and Mr. Eliot, High Tories, even Jacobites; and when a visitor to St. Magnus-the-Martyr's complained of the inordinate amount of lace worn there, the rector (one of whose predecessors was Miles Coverdale) replied: "Ah, but this is a Cavalier church!" Both Socialists and Tories, likewise, are to be found among both Evangelical and Central, or "middle-stump," clergy.

The conflict between what must, for brevity, be labelled "fundamentalism" and "liberalism," in the theological sense, also runs through both High and Low parties and the Centre. One of the most influential Anglo-Catholics is Canon Frederic Hood; yet the more ultramontane of his friends would dissent from his sober liberal judgment:

> Too many people today are seeking for short cuts to truth: hence the prevalence of neo-Thomism, Barthianism, Fundamentalism, and the readiness to accept the infallibility of Pope, Bible, or conscience.

Bishop Stephen Neill is one of the most influential Evangelicals; yet Bible-punching fundamentalists would be shocked by his cheerful insistence on the mythical nature—and on the value as myth—of the Genesis stories†. Canon Hood and Bishop Neill wear clothes of different cut when celebrating the Communion; but, in the essential rationalism of their apologetic, they have more in common intellectually than either has with the extremists of his own party.

On this set-up, what is the impact of the latest revival? What kind of revival is it? A recent *Spectator* article on "Undergraduate Christianity," by Mr. Anthony Howard, of Christ Church, Oxford, gives the impression of an irresistible swing towards Billy Graham and his earnest, hearty, fundamentalist evangelicalism. Oxford college chaplains agree that there is such a movement. Some doubt its depth: after Dr. Graham's much-boosted visit, not more than three or four converts were referred to any one college chaplain, and most of these turned out to have been churchmen already. Some deplore its brash illiteracy—the use of the Bible as a ragbag of texts to be learned by heart, the preacher who brandishes a wheel on whose hub and circumference "Christ" is written, and spells out the word c-h-u-r-c-h, saying "Take U away, and it's meaningless: this means U are needed." Most Oxford men of the present or the past will be as horrified by this sort of vulgarity as by the somewhat similar slogan-mongering of the "Oxford" Groupers; but Oxford's two main fundamentalist churches, St. Aldate's and St. Ebbe's, are certainly crowded with undergraduates, and the Oxford Inter-Collegiate Christian Union is probably the most successful religious organisation.

Mr. Howard is, however, misleading when he says that the Church Union (Anglo-Catholic) is "the smallest of the three Anglican religious organisations." If he is referring also, as he must be, to O.I.C.C.U. and to the Student Christian Movement, he should in fairness have pointed out that these are not Anglican but interdenominational, including both Anglicans and Free Churchmen; naturally, they have larger memberships. He also seems to contradict himself when he says at one point that "the Evangelicals' gain has been largely the Anglo-Catholics' loss," and at another that undergraduates "prefer harangue and hell-fire in St. Aldate's to Victorian prayer-books on velvet cushions in the college chapel"; for this scene is symbolic of centralism rather than of Anglo-Catholicism.

The latter statement seems the more accurate of the two. Pusey House and most of Oxford's Anglo-Catholic churches are reported to be holding their ground. The Roman Catholics claim a steady increase. It may well be that undergraduates of the present generation, growing up amid the horrors and perplexities that obsess us all, are turning away from the bland uncertainties of humanism, the static cosiness of moderation, towards any faith that is presented positively, authoritatively, dogmatically—towards, for instance, Marxism or the clear-cut affirmations of the Nicene Creed or of Billy Graham's nasal, hypnotic "The Bible says . . ."

This is not, of course, a move towards tolerance. It must be disturbing to Mr. E. M. Forster, who recently wrote in the special Cambridge number of the *Twentieth Century*:

> I like, or anyhow tolerate, most religions so long as they are weak, and I find in their rites an acknowledgement of our smallness, which is salutary. But I dread them all . . . as soon as they become powerful.

Fundamentalism is tasting power at Oxford (and to a lesser extent at Cambridge, where the colleges are larger and fewer and their chaplains have more time for pastoral work). The fundamentalists are as exclusive as the Roman Catholics: officers of O.I.C.C.U. are not allowed to take part in religious activities with Christians who do not share their basic outlook; a potential ordinand gave up his vocation because he had come to regard even Wycliffe Hall as "not really sound" and the Honours School of Theology as a plague-pit in which he would have been exposed to Biblical criticism.

The most popular theologian of the day, Professor C. S. Lewis‡, haunts this *Twentieth Century* Cambridge number, which is an elegant humanist counterblast (if that is not too noisy a word) to this obscurantist recession. Since his sparkling inaugural lecture at Cambridge, he is seen in the character of Old Western Man—almost, it might be said, of the Old Adam, since nobody at Cambridge seems to have heard of original sin until quite lately. Professor Lewis is not a fundamentalist; but in one important respect his teaching is akin to Billy Graham's. Both of them largely ignore the "social gospel" of William Temple and other Christians of the last generation. Both of them seem more con-

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* *Harringay Story*. By Frank Colquhoun. *Hodder & Stoughton*. 10s. 6d.

† *Christian Faith Today*. By Stephen Neill. *Penguin*. 2s. 6d.

‡ *Mere Christianity*. *The Screwtape Letters*. By C. S. Lewis. *Collins*. 2s. *each*.

cerned with the saving of individual souls for eternal life after death than with the creation of a just society on earth. "A Christian society", says Lewis,

> is not going to arrive until most of us really want it; and we are not going to want it until we become fully Christian.

Being more skilled in theology than Billy Graham, Lewis does not make such statements as this without qualifying them. Their emphasis, none the less, is on an "other-worldly" view of the Gospel; their effect is to intensify the neo-Kierkegaardian reaction against that materialism which Temple and many others, before and since the Malvern Conference of 1941, have proclaimed as essential to Christianity.

This may, after all, be the most radical test of modern Christians of various allegiances and cliques: are they going to use the Lewis-Graham individualism as a comfortable excuse for doing nothing to change society, or will they recognise, and enter, a Kingdom that may come "as a thief in the night," among people denounced by careerists and bureaucrats as "subversive"?

TOM DRIBERG

The Apotheosis of Crawshay-Bailey

The African Awakening. By BASIL DAVIDSON. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

> Crawshay-Bailey had an engine
> It was snorting it was puffing
> It was of tremendous power
> It would go four miles an hour
> Was you ever see [*three times*]
> Was you ever see, such a happy day before?
> (*Industrial National Anthem*)

The author of this extremely readable book begins his story sitting in an ancient stern-wheeler carrying passengers and freight along the Upper Congo River. For a book with so ambitious a title, however—and so ambitious a subject, namely, the regeneration of Africa by the Industrial Revolution—it is rather a drawback that the Congo Basin is where it continues; and, except for one or two excursions into neighbouring territories, that is where it ends. The author explains that he has chosen this region chiefly because here we are close to the very early beginnings of the awakening. But the fact that "the awakening" in the Congo and in Angola is not taking the same course as in other parts of Africa, or that its signs are scarcely to be discerned at all, does not necessarily mean that the evidence here is more authentic, or more important.

There is a great deal to be said for studying the Africa of Dr. Nkrumah. There is a great deal to be said for studying the Africa of Dr. Malan. There is even a great deal to be said for studying the multi-racial Africa of Mr. Michael Blundell, in Nairobi; which is, after all, one of the few places in Africa where an African Minister will ring a bell and a European will come in to answer it. Unless there is a fourth pattern about to arise, in the great Congo Basin, it is to one of these three patterns just mentioned that the rest of Africa will conform. But there is no real sign of any fourth pattern in Mr. Davidson's study. His solution is de-tribalisation and industrialism. This is already widely at work throughout Africa.

Mr. Davidson's first-hand reporting is vivid. The slant which he gives to affairs, though at times a little over-comprehensive, is illuminating. There is one small but important fragment of biography. Mr. Davidson recounts how his father, as a boy in Scotland, used to assist his village friends in carting home their fathers of a Saturday night, as soon as the publican threw them out, dead to the world. On the Sabbath morning his grandfather would preach at them, all scrubbed and shamed, in his kirk, to the general satisfaction of everyone concerned. The thunder of those sermons (how familiar to Scottish ears) rolls and rumbles through the chapters of this book. It is responsible for the almost audible sniff with which Mr. Davidson dismisses the proffered explanation of Senor Pereira in Angola, about the tranquillity of the Portuguese territories, that it "has something to do with the Portuguese soul." In Scotland we are naturally doubtful whether indeed the Portuguese have souls at all. At any rate we are sure that it is very presumptuous of them to lay claim to such things in public.

But a sniff does not dispose of the question, why four million Africans put up with the sway of 80,000 Europeans, exercised, according to Mr. Davidson, in as horrible, as cruel, as shameless, a fashion as even Africa has ever known. Mr. Davidson thinks it has something to do with the Portuguese prison system. But then, at his first contact with Portuguese administration, he comments on its "hint of down-at-heel gentility and prideful poverty, of leaving-until-tomorrow-what-ought-to-be-done-today" which he contrasts agreeably with "the money-frenzied bustle of Belgian occupation" (you see what I mean about the sermons). Tyranny, especially of the torturing, slave-making variety, should be made of sterner stuff.

I read recently a book *The Geography of Hunger* by a Portuguese gentleman from Brazil, a high official under the United Nations; indeed, I believe I reviewed it for THE NEW STATESMAN. It was his passionate contention that Portuguese rule (and, to a lesser degree, Spanish) had been an undiluted blessing to other races wherever it had gone. This he contrasted strongly with the rule of the Anglo-Saxons, which had been, universally, an unmitigated curse. If one mixed these two books thoroughly one might arrive at a section of the truth. Or, more probably, the mixture would explode.

Dogmatism about Africa is very dangerous. At present there is in Africa a nationalistic ferment, and also the enormous impact of the machines; and again, that vast friendliness, the xenophilia of the african, which left all the plantations of the South, the South of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, to be operated by the slaves and at their mercy, while their masters were away at the civil war. And all this without the slightest outbreak of a servile revolt. Mr. Davidson, as one would expect from a scion of industrial Scotland, is an ardent apostle of the machines, to free men from the villages (he is pretty hot against the villages) and bring them into the towns. At certain times, as a politician, he has doubts about bringing the workers under "capitalism." But he is solid about the machines. This involves de-tribalisation. He is all for that too. Sometimes one thinks one is hearing again of the Economic Man. But, break the tribe, and you get the nation. There is no reason to suppose it will be any less intolerant. Mr. Davidson quotes with approval "an official report on wages in Kenya, drawn up in 1954 by a committee under the Commissioner of Labour." He applauds its observation that—

> the basic conditions of the emergence of an effective African labour force is [*sic*] the removal of the African from the enervating and retarding influence of his economic and social background, and his permanent settlement outside the Reserves.

"This is the recipe which lies at the basis of economic advance in the Congo," says Mr. Davidson. In fact, what is being discussed is the creation of a proletariat. It is interesting to find such strong advocacy of this course from the Left.

The thesis is pushed to the verge of recklessness. Industrialism is certainly a path to progress. But it may be fairly said that, wholeheartedly operated, it has at times, in its birth-places at least, brought not peace, but a sword. The bold and successful political advance in the Gold Coast is not based on industrialism. It is based on the solid foundation of a myriad small holdings, the cocoa orchards, which have become prosperous owing to the enormous markets created for their products in the West; which, in other fields, Mr. Davidson refers to as "draining their wealth." Industrial society in the West, at its present stage, where a member of a highly organised Trade Union has almost the same sense of security, of property, in his job, as a peasant has in his land, was not the outcome of a day or even of a century.

The Gold Coast State is grappling with the problems of annexation (incorporation is the new term) in Togoland. It is grappling with the problems of a demand for more home rule in Ashanti-land. It is grappling with the problems of how to attract foreign capital and the return which will need to be conceded ("draining its wealth") in the bauxite mining scheme and the hydro-electric undertaking of the Volta River. These difficulties are not due to wicked white settlers, or to soul-less foreign corporations. They arise from the nature of man; and will arise, whatever the tools with which he equips himself.

To preach to the African that all will be well once he is removed from the enervating and retarding influence of his economic and social background savours of irresponsibility. The path on which his feet are to be set is a perilous one; it can only be said that our feet are set upon it too. But the African, looking up at the chimneys, might yet come to curse the bright blue radioactive sky, the teachers that set him on this path, and the mother that bore him.

It is anybody's bet. A little humility would not be out of place.

WALTER ELLIOT

The Sea as the Sea

The Nightfishing. By W. S. GRAHAM. *Faber.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

To most of us, words are a way of referring, partly of course to other words, but primarily to a reality which is non-verbal. A sentence like "That apple is red" bears no resemblance to our perceiving a red apple; qualities are not separate from things, as predicates are separated from subjects. And the word "apple" is not like an apple, or "red" like red. Accepting this common-sense view of language, we find it difficult to understand, even in principle, certain things that poets do. Colours and shapes in painting are, at least in some degree, *like* what they figurate. The painter, therefore, starting with something external, can make a pattern in which the colours and shapes have sense, not only as alluding or referring, but as re-making: a painting, as Mr. David Jones has recently said, is not a representation but a re-presentation. But how does the poet, given the great apparent gulf between words and things, effect a similar re-making? Is the answer, perhaps, that it is words, not as tokens but as gestures, he starts with? Night, says Mr. Graham,

> winked and endeared
> Itself to language.

Here, from Mr. Graham's admirable new volume, is a simple example of how far the scope of language as gesture can exceed the scope of language as statement:

> Now within the *dead*
> Of *night* and the *dead*
> Of my *life* I *hear*
> My name called from *far out*.

That "is" more than what it "says," because of patterning: the ritual repetition of "dead"; the internal vowel-echoes of "night" and "life"; the half-rhymes "night" and "out" enclosing the half-rhymes "hear" and "far." Every poem by Mr. Graham is not only very deliberately constructed but, in the musical sense, through-composed. No word is where it is merely for the sake of the "meaning" in a flat prose sense. Yet the patternings are not abstract, they reinforce deeper layers of meaning.

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These four lines are not only a reference to a distant and mysterious summons, but that summons itself. And similarly Mr. Graham's poems are not only about their subjects, but about themselves as attempts to embody their subjects, and therefore about the mystery of poetic language. Words like "still" and "change" in the largest poem here, *The Nightfishing*, work realistically and metaphysically. The sea is real and not conceptual, and yet it is also a metaphor, and yet what it is a metaphor for—the tragic struggle of the poet to make shape out of something, his life, say, which is always changing its shape—is most concretely expressed by itself:

> The voyage sails you no more than your own.
> And on its wrought epitaph fathers itself
> The sea as metaphor of the sea.

The poet's name is literally "writ on water." His task seems hopeless, but must be perpetually renewed:

> Each word is but a longing
> Set out to break out from a difficult home. Yet in
> Its meaning I am . . .
> The keel in its amorous furrow
> Goes through each word. He drowns, who but ill
> Resembled me.

Mr. Graham's single-mindedness may make him, to some readers, seem monotonous. He has a very small range of recurrent images, and perhaps a single dominant mood, though within that mood (particularly in the verse letters and the ballads) a real variety of tones. But to carp about his monotony is like complaining that Braque, at one period, was interested only in fish on a kitchen table. Braque's excitement was not about the fish but about a problem of remaking, a problem never quite finally solved. So, also, for Mr. Graham every poem is another attempt to construct *the* poem out of the range of given materials, and it is an act in and through which for the time being he emotionally exhausts himself. Thus the "Seven Letters" often end with what look like "farewells to poetry":

> Myself now at this last
> Word I die in. This last.

In the two Ballads at the end of this book, Mr. Graham is more humorous and relaxed. In one of them he seems to me to parody and claim to be the heir—the heir and ritual slayer—of a very great poet, indeed:

> And O it is not to ask me by
> The flensing or the spear,
> Or the grey table of the grave
> That writes between us here.
> But it is enough to ask me by
> His likeness I wear.

It is the likeness of Yeats—"Crazy Jane" and some of the later ballads—that Mr. Graham seems to me to be wearing here; and the writing might be on the gravestone in Drumcliffe Churchyard, though it is an upright limestone slab and not a grey table. (Given "flensing", of course—a technical term for the cutting-up of a whale—a more obviously plausible guess is that "the grey table" is the sea and the father-figure, whose likeness Mr. Graham wears, is Captain Ahab in its depths or Melville dead at the other side of it.) I may well have guessed the answer to the riddle wrong, but if I were right the claim would not be (as in the case of almost every other poet of Mr. Graham's generation) outright ridiculous. He has nothing like Yeats's range and humanity; he has, perhaps, a comparable intensity and passion, and he feels, like Yeats, "the fascination of what's difficult". No other poet of Mr. Graham's generation *constructs* poetry with his patience and skill. And *The Nightfishing* is far and away his most distinguished volume so far.

G. S. FRASER

The Pornograph

Sex, Literature and Censorship. By D. H. LAWRENCE. Edited by HARRY T. MOORE and HAROLD RUBINSTEIN. *Heinemann*. 15*s*.

This is a good moment for reviving D. H. Lawrence's scattered essays on love, sex and censorship. A younger generation than his are the beneficiaries of his teachings and his angry martyrdom at the hands of police, magistrates, bishops, Home Secretaries and the complacent centre of public opinion—beneficiaries who now discover that they are living on liberties that have to be fought for all over again. The difference is that the tail end of the sexual revolution of the Twenties has no man of genius in it. This may help literature in its relation to the law simply because, until it is old or dead, genius is intolerable to the average man and legislator. If Lawrence's intuitions have the now rather quaint confidence of his period, they still have spirit and their language has vitality. Whatever their value as opinion, their present value lies for us in the fact that they are attacks on Puritanism from the Puritan point of view. For all the bad record of its attitude to the arts and the pleasure of being alive, Puritanism has always been committed to "the living and growing consciousness" which Lawrence preached, and has always had a strong if narrow feeling for liberty. Milton and Shaw (as Mr. Rubinstein says in one of the very good introductions to this book) were Lawrence's pamphleteering forbears. It is part of the Puritan comedy that if Shaw wished to put *Lady Chatterley's Lover* into the hands of every seventeen-year-old girl, Lawrence would have kept her from the works of Shaw with every argument of scorn and anger he could think of. The real arbiter was the changeable seventeen-year-old girl.

Mr. Harry T. Moore's introduction runs through D. H. Lawrence's fantastic troubles with the law, the latest of which is the suppression of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* in Japan in 1950. Unexpurgated, it is still unprocurable in England or the United States whereas *Ulysses*—which Lawrence disapproved of—is not only available, but is obligatory reading in many American universities. The explanation may be that *Lady Chatterley's Lover* was a magazine story which attempted to change the world, whereas *Ulysses* is a gift to the New Criticism. Mr. Rubinstein's introduction discusses in more subtle fashion the history of censorship, the changes in public opinion and the disastrous judgment of Lord Cockburn, and concludes with that decisive quotation from Milton:

> Seeing that those books which are likeliest to taint both life and doctrine cannot be suppresst without the fall of learning . . . and that evil manners are as perfectly learnt without books a thousand ways which cannot be stopped . . . I am not able to unfold how this ranterous enterprise can be exempted from the number of vain and impossible attempts. And he who were pleasantly disposed would not well avoid to liken it to the expoit of that gallant man who thought to pound up the crows by shutting his Parkgate.

As a pamphleteer, Lawrence had the indispensable gifts of a casual, natural voice and fashion, and the habit of standing still, hammering away at the same point in the circular manner of the vernacular prophet. His arguments do not, as a rule, progress, but the incantation becomes richer, and the best instances, homelier and homelier. He is at his best, for example, when he draws his analogy about the sex war from his troubles with a Mexican cow, or the dramas of the hen run. He really preferred cows, hens, flowers, trees and stones to human beings—as many a preacher before him has. He is much gayer, much more the laughing, natural man as a pamphleteer, than he was as a novelist. The real sting in Lawrence's sexual teaching was that it was directed against habit as well as against the bourgeois attitude to sex. His teaching attacked the society of his time fundamentally, very much in the manner of Blake and, like so many revolutionaries, he had reactionary views. The revolutionary "emancipation" of his period was, for him, decadent. He really agreed with the bishops who denounced titillation, thrill, candour, promiscuity, gallantry and divorce; but, unlike them, was angered by what he called "the counterfeit mental substitute." Ten minutes reading soon shows one that it was impossible to argue with Lawrence: intuitive and poetic, he jumped as his feeling took him. Did sex become "the dirty little secret" because of the ravages of syphilis in the Renaissance or was it because of property-grubbing bourgeois morality? *Quien sabe?*—as he was so fond of saying. All he could see was his own story—the greying, paralysing effect of intellectual or mental life in an industrial society, "the crucifixion of the procreative body for the glorification of the spirit." He was revolutionary not about sex but industrialism; and for him, the political revolutionaries of his period were not revolutionary at all. They were mere perpetrators of entrenched error in more popular form and, at this lapse of time, he seems in the right of it. The tiresome thing about him is the affliction of all prophets: they free themselves from the normal human obligation to explain.

The objection to reformers is that most people are well organised and happy. In sexual matters, they do not require the blackboard or, at any rate, not once they have gone through the common process of trial and error. Lawrence was wrong in thinking the "grey people" and Puritanical were his enemies; his enemies were the contented. His justification was that, as society became anarchic, contentment became less, guilt and frustration more. There is no doubt that (as Norman Douglas wickedly pointed out) *Lady Chatterley's Lover* gave a few wrinkles to those who can sin only when they do so on principle and by textbook; but Lawrence's own very eloquent and moving apologia for marriage in this embarrassing sermon disposes of all the cynical jokes one can make about it. Lawrence noted that modern marriage ends so often in rage because its starting-point is personal, egotistical and friendly. He saw marriage as the indispensable form, fulfilment and doom, as an entry into the primitive, inescapable cycle, a tragic—even, in his novels, a comi-tragic—round

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that reconciles us to the mystery and necessity of the human being's final isolation: "Hate is not the opposite of love. The real opposite of love is individuality." Lawrence's writings abound in truths of this kind which have not been smoothed away to fit pious arguments, for, like many lapsed believers, he had a more strenuous, less pitying view of the requirements of conscience than the orthodox Christian has. No conventions, no hypocrisy, no tolerance which could relieve human weakness: he was more prophetic of the age we have grown into than he was a representative rebel of the age in which he was born. He was persecuted for a lifetime because he was close to what we have become. Society recognised its hated successor.

V. S. PRITCHETT

The Backward and the Forward Face

The Greek Myths. By ROBERT GRAVES. *Penguin Books.* 2 vols. 3*s.* 6*d. each.*

The Ulysses Theme. By W. B. STANFORD. *Blackwell.* 31*s.* 6*d.*

The Greek myths have been used throughout European literature as an economical source of power for any sort of emotional shock the author intended. So the question whether we ought to be interested in them is merely to ask whether we should be in or out of contact with the discharge of imagination. Mr. Graves and Penguin Books now offer *Greek Myths* in a brave and generous attempt to meet three large needs: for a complete narrative of the myths and their variations; for a new mythological dictionary; and for an account of the origins of the myths in terms of modern opinion on ancient religion and culture.

Oddly enough a complete narrative has never been attempted in English before. Now that it has been made we can see what an enormous task it was to collect and collate the myths from their scattered beds in remote passages of rarely visited ancient authors; and we shall especially admire Mr. Graves's poetic skill in writing 500 pages of bare summary without ever losing the mannerly freshness of good prose. We are very much in his debt. Our need for a dictionary newer than Smith's (it was published in 1844 in three large volumes that include Greek and Roman biography) is supplied by Mr. Graves's index. Though it does not claim to be so exhaustive as a professional scholar would demand, the 1,400 names from Greek mythology alone are more than enough for ordinary purposes. But there are some additions in principle which could make it even more useful. It contains only proper names of persons so that subjects which are fully treated in the text, such as the Eleusinian Mysteries or the Palladium, are not referenced; nor are place-names. And people in a hurry, as one reasonably is when using a dictionary as a Who's Who, will regret the absence of a sign for a main entry.

The account of the origin of the myths is appended in a set of notes to each section of narrative. Mr. Graves forestalls criticism by saying that while professional scholars are not even trying to make the necessary synthesis of archæology, anthropology and ancient history (he doesn't include psychology, for he thinks it as much confused by the myths as confusing to them), the job is regrettably left to him. If I say that he has something suspiciously like a hobby-horse, I must add at once that he seems to arrive on it at a great deal of good sense. He rides it, if it is one, in honour of the Great Goddess, identified with earth and sea and the moon, worshipped as maiden, nymph and crone, powerful in heaven, earth and hell. Her way of life was matriarchy, her regent a queen, who took lovers at first for pleasure, later, when the principle was established, for paternity. So kings came and went; their death was necessary to renew the life of all things. But some of them refused to die and substituted the sacrifice of someone else.

> Early Greek mythology is concerned, above all else, with the changing relations between the queen and her lovers, which begin with their yearly or twice-yearly sacrifices; and end, at the time the *Iliad* was composed and kings boasted: "We are much better than our fathers."

Mr. Graves thinks they were a great deal worse. Most of the myths were made up or distorted after the peaceful matriarchies had been disrupted by kings who killed each other for personal gain; and "Greek morals always remained barbarous, except in places where Cretan mystery cults survived."

This would explain why the myths taken raw give a most unpleasant overall effect: at the end of those 500 pages of narrative I seemed to have been reading not less than a Great Lunar Year of 400 consecutive issues of *The News of the World*. Some of the myths, of course, are witty, pretty or powerful in their own right. It is interesting to see how often Mr. Graves suggests that these were literary embroideries on themes that hadn't been understood at all. Thus the Judgment of Paris was falsely deduced from an icon that represented the triple goddess as giving the apple of immortality to Hercules; the "extravagant romance" of Tereus from a wildly imaginative misreading of a wall-painting of local methods of prophecy. So it seems that the power of the myths to contribute a precise emotional shock rather than to be merely shocking, derives hardly at all from their origin, a good deal from the genius of the man who made them up, and most of all from the fact that they were fresh in mind when the Greeks inexplicably mastered poetry and drama with an energy that has transformed our imagination ever since.

Mr. Stanford hasn't heard that Odysseus was really a royal-lover who refused to be sacrificed. But he insists that there was a "real" Odysseus—the one in Homer. As a type he was a clever one, but he is also an epic hero who represents all the faults and virtues, but most fully the noble qualities of the life of his time. At this point in the book, on page 80 to be precise, I felt that it was another merely respectable work of classical scholarship—a traditional case lucidly presented with scrupulous care for evidence. As I read on I found that the rather weighty establishment of the Homeric Odysseus is the foundation for a structure of increasingly delightful criticism of some 100 minor and 25 major works in which Ulysses is more than a passing figure. The Ulysses theme is admirably adapted to Mr. Stanford's purposes: he can show myth-in-action so clearly that the question whether myths matter should cease to be asked; he can share his great knowledge and even more remarkable enjoyment of an enormous range of books; and finally make excellent sense of his plea that an epic character has a "real" existence to which we may profitably return, as the Greeks did to the shrine of a hero. Fascinating as are the bookish vagaries of Odysseus—from an analogue of the Founder of Christianity to the traitor in torment in the *Inferno*, from the Elizabethan politician (a favourite role) to the lust-shattered ruin in Giono's Marseilles—we shall, surprisingly, find that our own generation has been the first to return to the Ulysses theme with the piety that can receive its full grace. For in Joyce's *Ulysses* and in the even larger *Odyssey* of the Greek poet Kazantzakis he recovers epic stature; he represents the whole of our culture. Mr. Stanford's book would be worth getting if only for the pleasure of finding the classical skills of criticism applied to two modern masterpieces. We shall easily forgive him for persuading us to read *Ulysses* again, and urgently demand a translation of Kazantzakis.

ANDREW WORDSWORTH

The Goloshes of Fortune

The Fairy Tale of My Life. By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. Translated by W. GLYN JONES. Illustrated by NIELS LARSEN STEVNS. *Maxsons, London.* 8 *guineas.*

Hans Andersen (1805-1875) wrote the first account of his life in 1846, at a publisher's request. In later years it was much revised and enlarged; but only that early edition, in Mary Howitt's translation, has ever appeared in this country. The present book is the first English version of the full collated text, up to 1855. The fifty illustrations—rather curious vague water-colours—were commissioned for the Danish edition (1943) of this work. It is hard to know what Andersen, with his precise and elegant visual sense, would have thought of them; but the *panache* of this monumental volume, its magnificent indifference to the practical limits of everyday reading, must have pleased his innocent vanity.

Yet the real problem, now that the great book has been opened, is to recognise its author as the author of the Stories. "My life," it begins propitiously enough, "is a beautiful fairy tale." And in a sense it was. Here, to be sure, is the humble shoemaker's solitary child, dreaming, declaiming, playing with his home-made toy theatre, presenting to the village world the kind of preposterous innocence that turns away blows; here again the awkward, crazy-looking, stage-struck boy setting out at fourteen to seek his improbable fortune in the city of Copenhagen; clowning his way into the theatre and out of it; catching the half-hypnotised aid of patron after patron, one of them the King himself; sent to school at seventeen, and after every kind of humiliation becoming (though not, alas through his dancing or poetry or plays but through little tales) Denmark's honoured son, an honoured guest in every country of Europe.

This dreamy and often disarming picture is not —why should it have been?—a wholly reliable account. Sterner biographers may look for a start at the little Odense cottage itself. The father, married at twenty and dead at twenty-nine, was a pensive melancholy man; something of a freethinker; deeply frustrated for lack of educa-

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THE BODLEY HEAD

tion. The mother, many years older, was a simple rough peasant, religious and superstitious. An earlier daughter of hers, an illegitimate half-sister to Hans, received none of the devoted affection of the Andersen home. Boarded out as a child, and for a time a prostitute in later life, she was to haunt the imagination of her brother, and embarrass him considerably when she did appear. The kind old grandmother, gardener to the hospital for the insane poor, was real enough, so was the mad harmless grandfather whom the children mocked in the street; but what of the noble ancestry? And so the book goes on, defensive, anecdotal, diffuse—altogether a puzzle.

But in the familiar Tales, Andersen's peculiar and remarkable gifts fall into place—the charm; the dry humour; the brilliant economy; the lucid, exact, almost microscopic vision which, with the use of inanimate objects as interpreters, must have been fostered in his toy theatre days. When, for his *Autobiography*, he looked at his life without the theatrical tension of fiction, he saw it in a haze; the writing seems characterless and flat. But life at one or two removes—life on the toy theatre scale of the Fairy Tales—was another matter. The focus became clear; the movements sure. In the absurd inanimate objects, clocks and tongs and pins and kitchen rubbish, we can find all the echoes of Danish village or provincial society—burghers, housewives, students, privy councillors. "On the sofa lay two worked Cushions, pretty and stupid." There is a Money-Pig which looks down from its cupboard on everything else in the room. "It knew very well that what it had in its stomach would have bought all the toys, and that's what we call having self-respect." The Darning Needle, posing as a brooch, meets a bit of broken glass; they might be a couple on a seaside pier.

> "I suppose you are a diamond?" she observed.
> "Why, yes, something of the kind." And then each believed the other to be a very valuable thing.

Or, in a kitchen piece:

> The Carpet Broom brought some green parsley out of the dust hole, and put it like a wreath on the Pot, for he knew that it would vex the others.
> "If I crown her today," it thought, "she will crown me tomorrow."

The nuances in this are delightful. But the light ironic gift runs through the complete story as well as through any number of images. A little known tale, *The Goblin and the Huckster*, in which the goblin has to choose between the huckster who can furnish porridge and the student whose dull-looking book is seen, through a key-hole, to fill the room with light and branches, is a particularly fine instance of twist after twist, the continual light avoidance of the expected. Nor is the setting always the kitchen or attic. The range of landscape in *The Snow Queen* or the brilliant story *The Garden of Paradise* is remarkable. Even more worth studying is the magnificent passage where Kay flies through the night with the Snow Queen. The boy and the enchantress converse at their two different levels, yet in perfect harmony; till the boy suddenly feels that the cleverness at school of which he has been boasting may after all not be enough. They might, without the wild poetry of the occasion, have come out of a "good" contemporary novel.

In Andersen's own fairy tale, however—the term he used of his life—there is a flaw. The fool in the folk tale prospers through a kind of inspired idiocy; he does not grieve or toil, and Andersen did both. The clown's resilience of temper, that absence of offended dignity—though it did not save Andersen from bad dreams of the past when life was easier—was to protect him in the hard days of his youth. It was something that Chatterton, in similar circumstances but with a more rigid temperament, entirely lacked; unable to be the clown, he had to play the tragic part. Andersen paid a different price. The childlike quality which opened the doors of patrons was also a bar to adult relationships: we know how he exacerbated Dickens at close quarters. Women were his kindest counsellors and friends, yet, since he failed to approach them as adult to adult, he suffered a reluctant celibacy. Although he had no lack of devoted child friends, it would be wrong to suppose that he had any great liking for children in general; he understood them too well for that. A design for a statue showing him surrounded by children roused him to fury; they were removed. And while his tales are, almost without exception, the best of all reading for the young—the essential book where there are children—his life is no story for these readers. Brutal and shrewd as they are capable of being, they might weigh the tribulations doubtfully against the reward; they would note the unadult weakness of the man.

It is probably best that we do not know too much when we are young about the tellers of our tales; that the scholarly brothers Grimm should remain as two troll-like figures, and Andersen not as a person but as a book, a series of delightful evocative sentences whose flavour persists in the mind. We do not remember the Grimms' stories by their words. It may be that Andersen's tales—at any rate in translation—provide the child's first experience of style. Perhaps it is this quality in his work that a number of adults today seem to find it so difficult to forgive.

NAOMI LEWIS

Shades of Arabia

Qataban and Sheba. By WENDELL PHILLIPS. *Gollancz.* 21*s.*

Wendell Phillips is a professional leader of expeditions. This is surprising, for he is now only thirty-three years old. His first effort was a gigantic affair in Africa, where "more than fifty scholars, scientists and technicians, utilising twenty-five trucks," etc., etc., "covered the entire continent." Mr. Phillips is obviously a skilled enthusiast in setting up expeditions and looking after them once they're in the field. Pleiades of important names were persuaded to shed influence upon him, presidents of industry found him irresistible and gave him largely of their products, and money was milked out of fat purses. He even managed to set up his own Foundation.

His book is about four expeditions which he took to southern Arabia, one after the other, to do some archaeology and to microfilm the manuscripts in St. Catherine's Monastery, at the base of Mount Sinai. He tries to describe both the daily life of the expeditions and the results obtained, with a confusion of trivial detail; so that we learn about harems, belly dancers, camel urine, and those large but harmless spiders judged too nasty to be allowed to live, while bit by bit the sand is carted away from the South Gate of Timna, or the adjoining cemetery, revealing this and that.

Southern Arabia is important because of its connections with Egypt, Mesopotamia and India. Egypt had developed its sea-trade down the Red Sea by 2,500 B.C., while Mesopotamian influence had reached down the Persian Gulf and grown into a local culture which was to become the middleman in the trade between India and Egypt, and the producer of frankincense. Mr. Phillips's excavations in Qataban established the first pottery sequence for southern Arabia, and dated the foundation of the city of Haja bun Humeid at about 1,000 B.C.; showed Egyptian, Babylonian, Persian and Hellenistic influences at Timna, capital of Qataban, which rose in importance after the fourth century B.C. till its destruction about 25 B.C. It was followed by a Himyaritic kingdom and then by a medieval Arabic one.

Mr. Phillips is an explorer rather than an archaeologist, more interested in making discoveries than in describing them. I found his enthusiasm for Qataban attractive, but his account of what was revealed there dull. It is true few treasures were found. But in archaeology even treasures—whether they be real ones of gold and silver, or those connected with legend such as

the evidence for the flood (the Flood?) at Ur, or the walls of Jericho which, it seems, aren't there at all—depend for their interest on being brought to life and being put firmly in their context. Mr. Phillips makes a great deal too much play with the Queen of Sheba, who is probably not historical, and with the thrill of visiting Unknown Marib in Forbidden Yemen; and tends to leave his facts out in the cold.

Surprisingly, he did visit Marib. Marib was the capital of Sheba, and famous for its enormous dam which was built in the eighth century B.C., a wonder of the ancient world. Few people have visited it. But the King of Yemen, having given permission, had second thoughts or was perhaps constrained by xenophobic factions in the country to make life as difficult as possible for the expedition. Mr. Phillips's party did manage to excavate the temple of Ilunquh, popularly known in the district as the temple of Bilqis, but under appalling difficulties. The party indeed spent its first night at Marib in prison, and though released by an apologetic Governor in the morning, its members were continually harassed. All their finds were taken from them and kept locked up, and there was great trouble over the latex squeezes made from every inscription: not knowing why they were valuable, the local officials first demanded copies of the squeezes, and then the originals themselves. Soon the epigrapher was forbidden to do any work, armed soldiers insulted members of the expedition in their quarters, and the situation grew so dangerous that Mr. Phillips decided to make his escape, even though he had to leave all that equipment behind. (And what equipment too—deep freezers, generators, sand-conveyors, office equipment, a photo lab., medicines, wireless: $200,000 worth in all). This he did, to the surprise and fury of the Yemeni officials, who vainly sent a camel corps in pursuit.

Mr. Phillips, however, still had enough equipment elsewhere to start excavating in Oman, where the most easterly site of southern Arabian civilisation yet discovered was found. Expedition number 5 will presumably soon be on its way.

FRANCIS HUXLEY

Lions Caboshed

The Pageant of Heraldry: an Explanation of its Principles and Uses today. By H. C. B. ROGERS. *Seeley, Service.* 25*s.*

"Seals," Colonel Rogers regretfully informs us, "are no longer part of a man's essential equipment." It is, however, apparently vital to the proper functioning of the Atomic Energy Authority that it should receive a coat of arms. Burke's Peerage shows that many peers contrive to jog along without arms altogether; but the Crown's fountain of honour, through its conduit the College of Heralds, continues to play on those who are prepared to pay for it to do so. Public authorities, with other people's money to spend, are increasingly anxious to have their blazons officially recorded. The lawyers resume their fee-talking in arguing the old case of the usurped arms of Grosvenor. The mockers are silenced by the extraordinary capacity of a coat of arms to retain its market value.

In private life, heraldry finds the market a tough one. "Modern dress does not give very much scope for the display of arms," says Col. Rogers: "They can, however, be knitted into pullovers, embroidered on the pockets of blazers and embodied in the design of ladies' frocks and evening capes." Of course, only one's own (properly registered) personal arms may be displayed in this way. Indiscriminate use of heraldic devices for decorative purposes is intolerable: as a writer in *The Genealogist's Magazine* remarks, such a practice would lead to "girls flaunting the crest of a Knight of the Garter on their scarves. . . or they may even go so far as to wipe their noses in the centre of the full heraldic achievement of a Most Honourable Marquess." In practice, most of us find easier and more adequate sops to our personal vanity than these expensive accoutrements; it is only our pride as corporate beings that requires mollification by symbolic links with the past.

Often, indeed, mere modern symbols are enough. The example of the Army's divisional heraldry (to which heralds appeal as evidence that their art is still alive) shows that symbols can be satisfactorily manufactured without pursuivants or fees. But the Army's symbols, though they still provide the crude visual satisfaction of pattern-making within a limited space, lose much by their lack of discipline. Heraldry is only interesting because it is complicated, arbitrary, and connected; its life resides in its linguistic and intellectual complexity. Take away the fields gobony, the tressures flory-counter-flory, the bends and fesses fibriated, crusilly or abased, the lions caboshed, the deer trippant, the horses unguled or; omit the elaborate rules about tincture; disregard the contentious conventions about helm, wreath, crest, supporters, and ground; ignore the ritual significance of all these rules; abstain from controversy about the principles, history and function of heraldry; and the whole thing becomes easy and boring.

Col. Rogers knows this, and he guides the beginner straight to the classic difficulties. He does more; and by including sections on flags, cap-badges, coins, and the insignia of the Catholic Church he betrays the usual herald's desire to make his subject one of universal importance. This quickly leads to fatuity; but, if you like complications and are not put off by pretentiousness, it is an intriguing fatuity.

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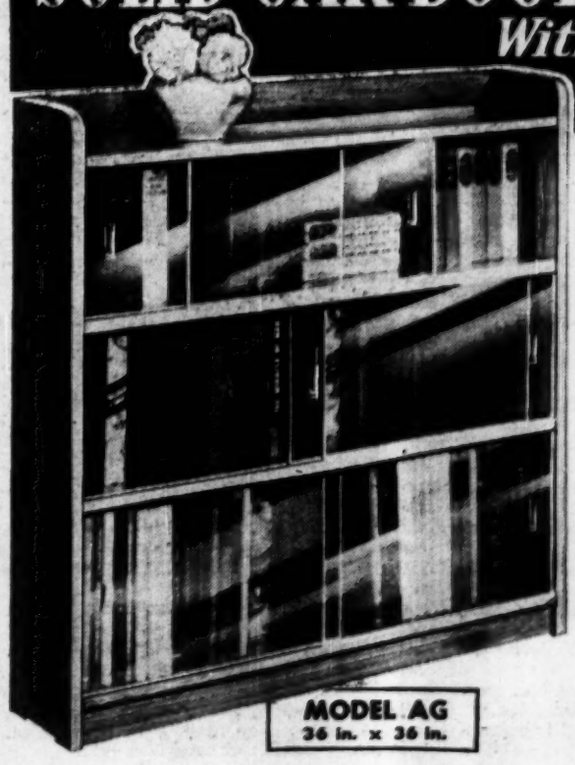

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A Selected List of Spring and Summer Books

THE books listed below are a selection from those which are expected for publication between now and October, 1955. For reasons of space we have had to leave out some titles announced for publication in this period, as they have already appeared in our selected list of last autumn. Books already published are not included, even if we have not yet reviewed them, nor are reprints. Some prices are, of necessity, provisional.

Art and Architecture

GEORGES BATAILLE: Lascaux: the Birth of Art. *Zwemmer.* £4 10*s.*

LILLIAN BROWSE: William Nicholson. *Hart-Davis.* 50*s.*

DOUGLAS COOPER (ed.): Van Gogh. *Macmillan Co., New York.* 35*s.*

MICHAEL FARR: Design in British Industry. *Cambridge.* 60*s.*

FOUGASSE: The Good Tempered Pencil: Modern Humorous Art. *Max Reinhardt.* 15*s.*

PATRICK HERON: The Changing Forms of Art. *Routledge.* 25*s.*

BRYAN LITTLE: Life and Work of James Gibbs, 1683-1754. *Batsford.* 25*s.*

M. PALLOTTINO: Art of the Etruscans. *Thames & Hudson.* 42*s.*

JOHN POPE-HENNESSY: Italian Gothic Sculpture. *Phaidon.* 42*s.*

PETER QUENNELL: Hogarth's Progress. *Collins.* 25*s.*

A. E. RICHARDSON: Robert Mylne, Architect and Engineer. *Batsford.* 25*s.*

LAWRENCE STONE: Sculpture in Britain: the Middle Ages. *Penguin Books.* 45*s.*

BASIL TAYLOR: Animal Painting in England. *Penguin Books.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

Autobiography, Letters, Memoirs

L. S. AMERY: My Political Life: Vol. III. *Hutchinson.* 25*s.*

N. M. BORODIN: One Man in His Time. *Constable.* 21*s.*

JAMES BOSWELL: The Grand Tour: Vol. II. *Heinemann.* 25*s.*

RICHARD CHURCH: Over the Bridge. *Heinemann.* 21*s.*

S. T. COLERIDGE (ed. E. L. GRIGGS): Collected Letters, 1785-1806. *Oxford.* 63*s.*

O. G. S. CRAWFORD: Said and Done. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 21*s.*

DAVID GARNETT: Vol. II, The Flowers of the Forest. *Chatto.* 21*s.*

CHARLES DE GAULLE: The Call to Honour. *Collins.* 25*s.*

SUDHIN GHOSE: The Flame of the Forest. *Michael Joseph.* 18*s.*

ADMIRAL NICHOLAS HORTHY: Memoirs. *Hutchinson.* 25*s.*

LUDWIG KOCH: Memoirs of a Birdman. *Phoenix House.* 16*s.*

JOHN LEHMANN: The Whispering Gallery. *Longmans.* 16*s.*

MAXIM LITVINOV: Notes for a Journal. *Deutsch.* 16*s.*

KING PETER II OF YUGOSLAVIA: A King's Heritage. *Cassell.* 25*s.*

HJALMAR SCHACHT: My First 76 Years. *Wingate.* 25*s.*

EMMANUEL SHINWELL: Conflict Without Malice. *Odhams.* 21*s.*

SIR PERCY SILLITOE: Cloak Without Dagger. *Cassell.* 15*s.*

STENDHAL (ed. ROBERT SAGE): Private Diaries of Stendhal. *Gollancz.* 25*s.*

N. N. SUKHANOV: The Russian Revolution 1917: a Personal Record. *Oxford.* 42*s.*

Biography

H. S. BENNETT: Six Medieval Men and Women. *Cambridge.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

WILFRID BLUNT: Sebastiano Locatelli. *James Barrie.* 25*s.*

LESTER G. CROCKER: The Embattled Philosopher: Diderot. *Spearman.* 25*s.*

NORTON B. CROWELL: Alfred Austin, Victorian. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 18*s.*

CHRISTOPHER DEVLIN: Robert Southwell: Poet and Martyr. *Longmans.* 30*s.*

JOHN DOS PASSOS: The Head and Heart of Thomas Jefferson. *Hale.* 25*s.*

TOM DRIBERG: Beaverbrook. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 21*s.*

ELIE HALÉVY: Thomas Hodgskin. *Benn.* 18*s.*

HAROLD HERD: Seven Editors. *Allen & Unwin.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

CECIL HOWARD: Mary Kingsley. *Hutchinson.* 16*s.*

WILLIAM IRVINE: Apes, Angels and Victorians (Darwin and Huxley). *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 25*s.*

ERNEST JONES: Sigmund Freud: Vol. II. *Hogarth.* 30*s.*

R. W. KETTON-CREMER: Thomas Gray. *Cambridge.* 25*s.*

GAVIN MAXWELL: God Protect Me from My Friends: Giuliano, Bandit of Sicily. *Longmans.* 16*s.*

J. B. MORTON: Hilaire Belloc. *Hollis & Carter.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

JAMES POPE-HENNESSY: Lord Crewe. *Constable.* 21*s.*

JULIAN SYMONS: Horatio Bottomley. *Cresset.* 21*s.*

A. J. P. TAYLOR: Bismarck. *Hamish Hamilton.* 18*s.*

EVELYN WRENCH: Geoffrey Dawson and Our Times. *Hutchinson.* 25*s.*

Criticism and Essays

F. S. BOAS: Sir Philip Sidney. *Staples.* 18*s.*

M. C. BRADBROOK: The Growth and Structure of Elizabethan Comedy. *Chatto.* 16*s.*

STUART CHASE: The Power of Words. *Phoenix House.* 18*s.*

F. DOSTOEVSKY (trans. KYRIL FITZLYON): Summer Impressions. *John Calder.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

C. A. FENTON: The Apprenticeship of Ernest Hemingway. *Vision Press* and *Peter Owen.* 25*s.*

LILIAN HADDAKIN: The Poetry of Crabbe. *Chatto.* 15*s.*

HARRY HODGKINSON: Double-talk: the language of Communism. *Allen & Unwin.* 15*s.*

RANDALL JARRELL: Poetry and the Age. *Faber.* 18*s.*

PAUL JENNINGS: Next to Oddliness. *Max Reinhardt.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

PETER NATHAN: Retreat from Reason. *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

JOHN COWPER POWYS: Visions and Revisions. *Macdonald.* 15*s.*

JOHN PRESS: The Fire and the Fountain. *Oxford.* 21*s.*

J.-P. SARTRE: Literary and Philosophical Essays. *Rider.* 18*s.*

ROBERT SPEAIGHT: Nature in Shakespearian Tragedy. *Hollis & Carter.* 16*s.*

STEPHEN SPENDER: The Making of a Poem. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

J. W. and ANNE TIBBLE: John Clare. *Heinemann.* 18*s.*

LIONEL TRILLING: The Opposing Self. *Secker & Warburg.* 15*s.*

GEORGE WHALLEY: Coleridge and Sara Hutchinson and the Asra Poems. *Routledge.* 21*s.*

ALAN WYKES: A Concise Survey of American Literature. *Barker.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Fiction

KINGSLEY AMIS: That Uncertain Feeling. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

MARCEL AYMÉ: The Green Mare. *Bodley Head.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

HENRI BOSCO: The Dark Bough. *Spearman.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

JOYCE CARY: Not Honour More. *Michael Joseph.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

COLETTE: Ripening Seed. *Secker & Warburg.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

GEOFFREY COTTERELL: Then a Soldier. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

ELIZABETH ELIOT: Starter's Orders. *Cassell.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

WILLIAM FAULKNER: A Fable. *Chatto.* 15*s.*

C. S. FORESTER: The Good Shepherd. *Michael Joseph.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

EDMOND and JULES DE GONCOURT: Germinie. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

EDWARD HYAMS: The Slaughterhouse Informer. *Longmans.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

MARCEL JOUHANDEAU: Marcel and Élise. *Longmans.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

BENEDICT KIELY: There was an Ancient House. *Methuen.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

PÄR LAGERKVIST: The Marriage Feast. *Chatto.* 15*s.*

NORMAN LEWIS: The Day of the Fox. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

WYNDHAM LEWIS: Monstre Gai and Malign Fiesta. *Methuen.* 30*s.*

WALTER DE LA MARE: A Beginning, and other stories. *Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

JOHN P. MARQUAND: Thirty Years. *Hale.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

ROBERT MUSIL: Young Törless. *Secker & Warburg.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

P. H. NEWBY: A Picnic at Sakkara. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

ANTHONY POWELL: The Acceptance World. *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

MARCEL PROUST (trans. GERARD HOPKINS): Jean Santeuil. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 25*s.*

EÇA DE QUEIROZ: The City and the Mountains. *Max Reinhardt.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

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"ONLY connect. . . ." "Only connect . . ." on the title-page; "only connect" repeated throughout the novel like the burden of a ballad: "only connect" the life of personal relations with the great outer life of telegrams and anger, the prose in us with the passion. Only connect, indeed, a great many other things as well. It is the presence of these great many other things as well that makes *Howards End*, despite the existence of *A Passage to India*, appear the quintessential Forster novel. The earlier novels, *Where Angels Fear to Tread*, *The Longest Journey*, *A Room with a View*, are delightful and often profound; but the scale on which the novelist is working is deliberately restricted: they are minor masterpieces. *Howards End*, however, took on classic stature years ago. It is, by implication at any rate, a novel on the grand scale. It sets out to illuminate not the problem of personal relations alone but also the problems of the relations between the classes and the sexes; and in the end it becomes plain that it is meant as a microcosm, a microcosm of England. Whether *Howards End* is Forster's best novel is another question; it is certainly the one in which his view of life is stated most explicitly, and in this respect it may stand for his work as a whole. And despite the exiguousness of his work as compared with that of most famous novelists, its influence has been enormous. To that part of the generation of the Thirties that looked to Auden as its centre and spokesman, Forster appeared as a beloved ancestor, or at least as the favourite uncle whose example is so much more attractive and powerful than the actual father's.

But we are all twenty years older, and how does Forster, or *Howards End* as his representative novel, look today? Lionel Trilling in his book on Forster quotes I. A. Richards as saying that Forster's "real audience is youth, caught at that stage when rebellion against the uncomfortable conventions is easy because the cost of abandoning them has not been fully counted." "Mr. Richards," Trilling asserts, "is mistaken. . . . Forster's real audience is maturity." Which is right?

I must confess, having been as ardent an admirer as any, that I do not think it is Trilling. The question, perhaps it should be made clear, is not one of Forster's distinction as a novelist. To that there is in my view only one possible answer: if his career as a writer had ended with *A Room with a View* he would still occupy a high place in English fiction as a master of social comedy rendered in terms of a strongly held and intuitively apprehended code of values; we should still be murmuring "Jane Austen" when his name was mentioned. Nor is it by any means wholly a question of the soundness of Forster's values or of their scope. Much of his criticism of the English character, of "the undeveloped heart" for example, seems to me still unassailable; and of course one doesn't need any persuading about the importance of personal relations. The trouble begins when we consider the vast areas of our existence in which personal relations have no place, which are indeed irrelevant to personal relations. This is Forster's difficulty in *Howards End* and he faces it boldly. As Margaret Schlegel says to her sister:

> "If Wilcoxes hadn't worked and died in England for thousands of years, you and I couldn't sit here without having our throats cut. There would be no trains, no ships to carry us literary people about in, no fields even. Just savagery. No—perhaps not even that. Without their spirit life might never have moved out of protoplasm. More and more do I refuse to draw my income and sneer at those who guarantee it."

Howards End is a determined attempt to be fair to the public and civic virtues, a determined attempt, in fact, to "connect." It fails, and I think it fails not at all necessarily because of Forster's code of values, but at the level on which it is written, which is that of a novel.

Admittedly, writing of *Howards End* now, one is approaching it at the most uneasy stage of a novel's existence. *Howards End* is forty-five years old this year; it is in that interregnum between history and the present when much in any work seems dated in the wrong way. One example will be enough:

> "Is she——" Margaret hesitated to add "drunk." Now that she was going to marry him, he had grown particular. He discountenanced risqué conversations now.

But was the word "drunk" *verboten* to a middle-class lady's lips in the year 1910 when talking to her betrothed? The instance may be trivial—it won't worry readers in the future, when 1910 will seem as firmly fixed in the past as 1850—but it has its importance, for the first thing we normally ask of a novel is that it shall give us a recognisably faithful picture of the life of its times, recognisably faithful, that is, in the eyes of those with some experience of life. This is the more urgently necessary in those novelists whose work propagates a set of ideas or a system of values, since if they cannot show us those ideas or values operating in life as we know it we shall probably conclude that they have rearranged life to suit their own purposes, that they have, in other words, faked the evidence, however unwittingly.

This, I am afraid, I think Forster does time and again. I am sure he knows the Misses Schlegel and Tibby inside out; no doubt he saw them every day in the London Library; but I am not convinced he knows the Wilcoxes and I am certain that he is completely ignorant of Leonard Bast. The failure is important because the Wilcoxes in particular cannot be taken simply as characters in themselves: they have to carry extra weight, because they are equated all the time with the typical inhabitants of the world of telegrams and anger; they have to stand for Empire-builders and business-men as a class. Forster conscientiously records their virtues, but they emerge as singularly unpleasant all the same. This alone would not matter: Forster is an expert in the unpleasant character, and one feels that to the making of such a character as Mr. Pembroke in *The Longest Journey* has gone complete knowledge. He is a product of observation; the Wilcoxes seem to me the products of preconceived notions, the crass brutality of their sensibilities the invention of a literary man.

Bast is surely an entirely literary creation. He reads now as though constructed out of imperfect recollections of Gissing and the early Wells. But nowhere in the novel is he sharply in focus. If the Wilcoxes are caricatures of a type, Bast is a dummy based on sentimentality. He is, first, an insurance clerk; then, when he leaves his job on the Schlegels' advice, he becomes a bank clerk. "'He's going into a bank in Camden Town, he says. The salary's much lower, but he hopes to manage—a branch of Dempster's Bank.'" I have never myself aspired to the position of insurance clerk, but I must record that in my childhood—say ten years after *Howards End* was published—we would have considered an insurance clerk quite somebody; for bank managers I still have no slight respect, and I would have thought that even the Schlegels, for all their private incomes, would have treated them with some regard.

But neither the Wilcoxes nor Leonard Bast are ever allowed to exist as themselves: we see them all the time through the eyes of their author or of Margaret Schlegel. Like Fielding's, Thackeray's, Meredith's, Mr. Forster's approach to the novel is that of the essayist; for him characters illustrate a thesis, and he explains them to us, generalises about them, bids us admire or repudiate them, preaches small sermons upon them. The one thing we may not do is draw our own conclusions about them: he is *telling* us. The device is perfectly proper but it is a very dangerous one: it throws altogether too much responsibility on to the personality of the author, on to his own speaking voice. Once we find ourselves dissenting from the *obiter dicta* uttered in his own person he runs the risk of losing our belief in his interpretation of the characters and action he is inventing. Forster, who speaks in his own person in his fiction more often even than Thackeray, has never shrunk from extreme assertion, and I suspect that this sense of his being "assured of certain certainties" has been a potent factor in his influence. But some of his assertions are very dubious, this for instance *à propos* Leonard Bast's concern for his umbrella: "To trust people is a luxury which only the wealthy can indulge; the poor cannot afford it." A good epigram, its only fault is that it is not true; the wealthy are not more trusting than the poor, indeed I would hazard that the very wealthy are considerably less so. If experience of life and some knowledge of both rich and poor show anything, it is surely that trust, or faith in one's fellows, has nothing to do with income or class. If one differs sharply from Forster in such a case as this one may be the less ready to take his word on other subjects; but the important thing here is that this epigram lies at the heart of his conception of Bast.

Bast's concern for his umbrella gives Margaret Schlegel a "glimpse into squalor." Miss Schlegel, it must be remembered, is a cultured lady of independent means somewhat guilty, one can't help thinking, about her independent means, and her culture too, which seems to depend upon them. It appears that, in her view, the cure for Bast is money: if he had money he,

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too, might become cultured. It was a fashionable view in Edwardian England; Butler had put it forward in *The Way of All Flesh* and Shaw plugged it in *Major Barbara*. All the same, it is not necessarily true. Culture, as we all know, is a difficult word, but if it means anything more than the merely modish it is no more the prerogative of the middle-class alone, and a special section of it at that, than is a concern for personal relations.

Unfortunately, one can't easily differentiate Miss Schlegel from her creator. Much of what he says in his own person as narrator also comes out of her mouth as dialogue: she is his spokesman, as on occasion is Helen Schlegel. It is always dangerous for a novelist to make one character his spokesman: when the character speaks we may realise that tucked away inside it is a tape-recorder. I do not think Forster successfully avoids this danger with Margaret Schlegel. Leonard Bast often felt the sisters together as "scarcely human—a sort of admonitory whirligig." And isn't that how most of us find them? Margaret Schlegel represents Mr. Forster's values. It may not damage their validity in any way—but how she does preach at us, how she bosses, what a passionless prig she now appears, in other words how unsympathetic! One day—perhaps there is still time—a clever young Wilcox, Charles's grandson maybe, will write of Margaret and her part in the Howards End story from the Wilcoxes' point of view, and then, oh dear!

The difficulty is precisely that of differentiating between Margaret Schlegel and her creator. She is admirably aware of other modes of living, of other worlds; but it must be admitted she accepts the virtues of her own class, her own way of life, with very considerable complacency. Her regard for the Wilcoxes may be genuine, but it is still one for people belonging to a lesser breed without the law, and her approach to them is missionary. Here Forster appears as an inverted Kipling. Margaret Schlegel's position in *Howards End* is essentially a class position: the *rentier* class, or that section of it to which she belongs, is seen as the class in which the preservation of the things of the spirit and concern for personal relations is vested. These are to be spread through the rest of the middle classes by a kind of Fabian infiltration.

Margaret Schlegel is central to *Howards End*. If one cannot accept her own estimate of the value and virtues of her class it obviously becomes difficult to accept the thesis of the novel itself. That is the position in which I find myself now. It seems a poor kind of repayment for all the pleasure one has had from Forster, for the privilege of intercourse with one of the most civilised and fearless minds of our time. But *Howards End* is the most ambitious as well as the most explicit of his novels and it suffers from its very ambition and explicitness. I have said nothing of the brilliance of the social comedy or of the beauty of much of the prose: they are to be found equally in the earlier novels, and I have concentrated on what is additional to them, on what gives *Howards End* its special place in the body of Forster's work. And when all is said, I do not for one moment imagine I have read it for the last time.

WALTER ALLEN

London Remembered in Berlin

October, 1954

The day declines toward winter. At five o'clock
frost from inland encroaches on the sea.
Crowds lock
the crossroads, in the luminous city entraining
for county of river and tree. The business
land is bare.
Tall offices surround churches roofless to the air
or a space of grit with a chimneypiece
like a picture hung on a wall.
None lives where in the late and terrible war
firehoses played by night, and a hundred
phosphorous suns
stared among flowering destruction.
Suppose the inhabitants fled to the outlying
fields—
with such terrible memories how could they
survive?

Leave off, Lord, the reckoning.
Indefinite item of love, marginal only,
cannot balance fear.

Here in Berlin new roofs umbrella ruin
against the golden drift of leaves,
but stuck on heels the leaves invade the house.
Even before, they say, the city seemed scarcely
a metropolis.
Sometimes it is hard to tell where the parks
begin;
the trees, spreading their leaves, hide much.
In London, bare trees occur like antlers,
stuck through the worn grey skin of the earth.
Here, soon after leaf-fall snow comes;
on roof and ruin and tree, a main scar.
You cannot tell what wound is underneath.

MAIRI MACINNES

Livingstone

Leaving the city and striking his first camp
Long after nightfall, he took his position by the stars.
They were the same. Only the moves had changed.

In the morning, there was time to observe the fauna,
The variations following the law he did not follow.
They were the same. Only the moves had changed.

Plunging into the bush, he lost all sense of time.
The track soon ended in the undergrowth.
Everything ceased to matter but the way he spent his days,
And the world became the world of his own qualities.
They were the same. Only the moves had changed.

It was planning set a limit to his days.
A calculated economy of strength
Foretold the fevered crisis in his confidence.
The panic policy of taking stock
Gave him just so many hours to live:
In compromise with slavery and comfort,
He saw no longer the colours of the trees,
The types of stone, the bones the headman wore.
They were the same. Only the moves had changed.

His acts became his compass to an undiscovered bourne,
Until he struck the secret fabled stream.
Larger than the Niger shone the Nile.
To trace it to its source became salvation—
They were the same. Only the moves had changed.

J. F. HENDRY

Blarney de Paris

Poet of Paris: Léon-Paul Fargue. By ANDRÉ BEUCLER. Trans. GEOFFREY SAINSBURY. *Chatto & Windus.* 18s.

"The streets of Paris are very gifted—they'll go far" Not a prophecy of ribbon development, but a typical aphorism from Léon-Paul Fargue, hierophant of the best-publicised city in the world. He was quite right, of course. The most hardened visitor—swinging a merger, say, or discussing overheads—can't quite escape those echoes from the René Clair films, those accordion tunes by Georges Auric, even those *genre* scenes from *Fiesta* or *The Snows of Kilimanjaro*. Like Irishmen, Parisians perpetuate their own legend, shamelessly corny but less naive than it looks—from the tourist attractions of the Grands Boulevards to the Sapper-for-grown-ups joys of Francis Carco and *Touchez pas au Grisbi!* And whenever our feet clang on the grilles that surround the plane trees, whenever we snuff the Métro smell of sweat, scent, cinemas and Celtiques, whenever we sit in the Tuileries or the Rhumerie Marténiquaise, we feel the old gimmicks working on us with the skill of the practised wheedler, the scapegrace we can't dislike. And it's in this atmosphere that a "character" such as Fargue can most fully develop, to be chronicled by his friends.

M. Beucler has done an excellent job of Boswellising. From the first page, when he turns up two hours late, Fargue burst into life:

> His hat was crammed down on his head; a cigarette which had gone out hung from his lips; a bulging brief-case was tucked under his arm. On the other hand, his beard was trim, his figure bespoke energy and his eyes seemed to be delving beneath everything they saw, whether people or things, holding them, weighing them, drilling right through them. They were deep brown eyes tinged with blue, the eyes of some great insect, eyes of beautiful and highly polished leather. And, for all their sharpness, they could be tender, too. . . . You might have taken him for an admiral in plain clothes, a lord chancellor who had lost all illusions, an old doctor up from the country, or even a famous lawbreaker.

The stylish alertness of this, maintained to the end, is finely preserved in Geoffrey Sainsbury's translation. "Then we heard the proprietor yawn—the yawn of a locomotive that smells its stable, a diphthong several yards long that could go clean through a brick wall." "Darkness fell on us like an avalanche of crêpe." The ostentation here half-echoes Fargue himself: but M. Beucler has largely resisted the temptation to guy his subject "as the man who was always late or as the nine days' wonder." He even quotes Fargue's parody of a newspaper article on himself: "Sometimes at night in the back lanes of Old Montmartre a man may be seen walking alone. . . ." He describes the shambles of his hotel room, his strange habit of not drying himself after a bath, his nocturnal prowls and conversations with Ravel, Saint-Exupéry, Valéry, Giraudoux, and the circle of the *N.R.F.* He provides period glimpses of Le Boeuf sur le Toit, pointing out that its name was taken by Claudel from an inn-sign in Brazil: he reproduces some fascinating private letters, including one from an angry editor whom Fargue had impersonated on the telephone. Above all, he records Fargue's sparkling conversation, letting his mind wander, as he put it, violently.

What is the picture that emerges? Fargue has been variously described as the Father of Dadaism, the Father of Surrealism, and the Link between Symbolism and Surrealism. He was scarcely any of these things. Born "the child of rebellion" to a runaway marriage in 1876, he lived with his mother until she died in 1935: from the 1880s onwards he was publishing verses and prose poems of an inoffensive wayward nostalgia. Only later did he take Paris as a muse, and develop the jewelled, fanciful style that won him celebrity in his later articles, written for money and "for the pleasure of seeing on paper verbal enamels and arabesques of thought conjured up out of an inkpot." Almost morbidly sociable, yet

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capricious on the strength of his "bohemian" fame, he grew the more so when his mother died and his life darkened: but his long final illness saw him still smoking and talking endlessly from the bed. Despite his charm, he was never a major artist. Despite his fame, he never grew rich. Yet, although he twice failed to get into the Académie, his work secured him several cherished prizes; and in 1948, a year after his death, a plaque was set up on the wall of his home. There he remains, secure in the Paris legend, along with his favourite haunts, the Brasserie Lipp and the Flore. But still there is something missing—a record of Fargue's malicious wit—and now M. Beucler's book has supplied it.

RICHARD MAYNE

Two Novels

Tune for an Elephant. By ELIO VITTORINI. Translated by ERIC MOSBACHER. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Small Corner. By ELIZABETH MONTAGU. *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Though it is less than a hundred pages, the effect of Signor Vittorini's novel is magnoperative. It gives off a great blast of strident music, like a radio turned full on in a Mediterranean café. No passion is so deafening as that vented by human beings who have not enough to eat. When the human beings happen to be Italians, the crescendo of hunger is ear-splitting. This is the situation that Signor Vittorini has explored so magnificently.

Here we have a whole houseful of people, only one of whom, Euclide, brings home a pay-packet. There is Mother, and Mother's husband, and Euclide and his wife and the narrator and *his* wife, and there are swarms of children. And, as if this weren't enough, there is Grandfather, gnarled, motionless, enormous, a very elephant of a man—and an outsize eater. Grandfather was once a construction worker, the greatest of them all. He worked on the Fréjus tunnel, on the Simplon, possibly on the Pyramids. Because of Grandfather's appetite the family is forced to forgo meat and wine and vegetables, and live on bread and chicory.

> "Of course he must eat," said Anna. "But half a kilo of bread for every meal means a kilo and a half of bread a day!"
> "And what's a kilo and a half of bread a day to a man like him?" mother exclaimed. She went over to grandfather and shook him. "You tell them!" she shouted. "You tell them!"
> Slowly grandfather raised his head. . . .
> "How many kilos used you to eat?" mother shouted . . .

And then along comes Blackface the tractor-driver, a weird proletarian pied piper, burnt up with T.B. He tells the family about elephants:

> "A dead elephant," he went on, "is never to be seen along the tracks or in the woods anywhere in Africa, and it certainly can't be claimed that elephants bury their dead. They have secret cemeteries, unknown even to themselves during their lifetime, and that's where the old elephants go when they know the time has come for them to die. Did you know that?"

Shortly after this conversation, Blackface dies himself. And then, one fine morning, in the first gleam of daylight, Grandfather walks out of the house, past the goods yard and vanishes into the Lambrate woods. It is as simple as that—and as effective. I have seldom read a book about old age that contains so much genuine pathos. Grandfather is everything that that doggy, frowsty old man in *Umberto D.* should have been and wasn't.

Lady Elizabeth Montagu's new novel rings the changes on the old triangle of wife, husband and secretary. It is a distinguished piece of writing and its failure is not due to any fault of style or technique. It is simply that the reader fails to find Lady Elizabeth's central situation as remarkable or as exciting as she believes it to be.

Max Hamilton (of Hampstead and Wimpole Street) is a successful surgeon; his wife Laura is lazy, sophisticated and beautiful; his secretary, Henrietta, is devoted, capable, intelligent, plain—and has long acted as go-between for husband and wife. It is she who is telling us the story.

Max is worried about Laura. He thinks she is pining for something. He tells Henrietta he is going to ask a psychotherapic friend of his, Paul Mallory ("I gather his methods are a bit unorthodox") to take a look at her. Will Henrietta see Mallory and take a look at him? Henrietta takes a look and is not impressed—or rather, is all too impressed in the wrong direction. The man is sinister, intelligent, calculating, a brilliant professional failure. Obviously he has something against Max, some grudge, some long-buried quarrel. She meets him again and believes that he is making a pass at her. Then she suddenly decides he is having an affair with Max's wife.

"People not directly concerned are astonishingly prone to be mischievous in the name of morality and harmful out of righteousness." Lady Elizabeth has taken her epigraph out of *Adolphe* and it is not difficult to see where her quotation carries us. At first we see a single situation: the love affair between Laura and Mallory as it plays itself out in Henrietta's head—her own "small corner" of nature. But gradually (and it is the measure of Lady Elizabeth's skill that we can never quite put our finger on the page at which the change takes place) the situation disintegrates and divides until we are seeing it bi-focally, both through Henrietta's eyes and our own. We become increasingly aware that there is something very wrong with Henrietta's vision, though the truth, when it comes, seems absurdly simple. Henrietta is "sex-starved." That, banally enough, is the conclusion we are invited to consider.

And this, in my view, is where this highly intelligent novel breaks down. Henrietta is all too credible as a character; but she has no moral validity as a human being. To make Henrietta valid and significant one must surely either invoke a moral sanction or establish a moral ambiance. Let me explain by example. In M. Mauriac's *Le Nœud de Vipères*, the old man goes through the book hating his wife, his children, the curé, his neighbours, and crediting them all with the basest and most unfounded of motives, all because he has deliberately put himself outside the religious life. ("*Inlassablement, j'ai cherché à perdre cette clef qu'une main mystérieuse m'a toujours rendue, à chaque tournant de ma vie . . .*"). Once the religious sanction is enforced, the waste and tragedy of the grandfather's life becomes apparent. In *The Ambassadors*, on the other hand, it is a moral ambiance that is established. For much of the book the relationship between Chad and Mme de Vionnet is as equivocal as that between Laura and Mallory is made to seem; the difference is that we glimpse their relationship through the spectacles—the opera glasses, rather—of Lambert Strether's own moral imagination. In spite of her wit and style and psychological good sense, Lady Elizabeth's book is without such a point of reference. Instead of writing a moral *conte*, she has written a moral thriller.

JOHN RAYMOND

Party-Giving

I Married The World. By ELSA MAXWELL. *Heinemann.* 18*s.*

In *I Married The World*, the inexhaustible hostess and "social bulldozer," Miss Elsa Maxwell, provides the most indigestible autobiographical *mélange* in the language. There are over 300 packed pages, and the Index boasts (unfortunate verb) about 800 names, most of them what is known as household, with others (Mrs. Lydig Hoyt, Cholly Knickerbocker, Buggsy Siegel, Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, Morton Baum) having the curious lilt that makes them likely to be American household. In the last chapter of this feast, just as one is longing for a water-ice, no fewer than eight Dukes are served up, floating in a rich sauce and with all the trimmings. Lengthy study of this odd book must make even the most party-

minded reader wish for nothing more exciting than baked beans *nature* in a Bermondsey café.

Miss Maxwell certainly began as she meant to go on, being born in the public eye in a theatre box in Keokuk, Iowa, during a performance of *Mignon*. Even her nurse was an exotic male Chinese called Hi Foo, who got himself "mixed up in the tong wars" and was later hanged for murder. At the age of 16 months, she won a babies' beauty competition in the Mechanics Pavilion at San Francisco, staying on long enough for the earthquake, though this disaster did not prevent her struggling through the rubble to keep a luncheon appointment with Caruso. When, on a private occasion, Adelina Patti obliged with *Comin' Thro' the Rye*, the youthful Miss Maxwell sang it right back at her.

Further achievements of this determined lady were being taught six-pack bezique by Sir Winston Churchill and meeting, *chez* Mrs. Cuckoo Belleville, the Prince of Wales (a snap, at a later date, shows him gazing at Miss Maxwell and looking what can only be described as thoughtful). She had her ear playfully tweaked by Joffre, arranged a clambake on the Lido for Queen Marie of Rumania ("This is utterly delightful"), shared Princess Margaret's ham sandwiches, witnessed the opening of Cheops's grand-daughter's burial chamber with Queen Elisabeth of Belgium ("eerie"), and was among the privileged few invited to hear John Drinkwater read *Abraham Lincoln*, for which literary treat the hostess, Lady Colefax, prudently locked her guests firmly in.

The saving grace in all this bewildering rigmarole is the subject's ability to laugh at herself. She has done much good work for charity: she has wit and charm and there is something fetching about this abundant zest for life, if it be a life that most would fly from. She is, in general, friendlily disposed towards other junket-throwers, though there is an occasional hint of criticism of Mrs. Perle Mesta ("An invitation to one of her routs carried as much distinction as being circulated by a neighbourhood super-market"), of Mrs. Gwen Cafritz ("The Hungarian bombshell with a wet fuse"), and of a foreign Prince ("Born with a built-in Geiger counter that led him unerringly to untapped heiresses"). There is, alas, much fatiguing jaw about whether Miss Maxwell was or was not on good terms with the Duchess of Windsor. Either way is all right.

Psycho-analysts' noses may well twitch at the information that little Elsa, not invited to Senator Fair's glittering party in his elaborate mansion across the street, sat at her window, "too proud to cry," watching the gorgeous guests stream in: "I swore to myself I would give parties all over the world . . . to which everyone would want to come." She has done just that. Musing subsequently upon her success, after a particularly rewarding dinner party, this rumbustical American stumbles on her secret:

> Why did they come? Surely it wasn't my beauty, wit or even the dinner, excellent though it was. It may sound immodest to the point of arrogance, but I honestly believe they were attracted by the gaiety I radiate as naturally as I breathe. As far back as I can remember, I've always been like a little girl on Christmas morning. I wake up every day with the unshakeable—call it idiotic, if you will—conviction that something wonderfully exciting is about to happen.

I don't think one would call it exactly idiotic, but one does beg to differ on the subject of what may fairly be called wonderfully exciting.

ARTHUR MARSHALL

CORRECTION

We regret that owing to a printer's error, a sentence from Miss Elizabeth Bowen's novel, *A World of Love*, was incorrectly quoted in our issue of March 5. The sentence should have read:

> The day itself might do no more than look more and more like rain—indeed, the air by assuming a false tense glint was turning the grass livid with thwarted longing; and so, considered Antonia (herself now desiring nothing) it would do it no harm to stay.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,308

Set by Denis Dymchurch

Competitors are invited to suggest names in the puritan fashion (*e.g.*, Obadiah-bind-their-kings-in-chains-and-their-nobles-with-links-of-iron) to suit: Clement Attlee, Aneurin Bevan, Dr. Pontecorvo, Sir Anthony Eden, the Dean of Canterbury, Sir Richard Acland, Lady Docker, Evelyn Waugh, Arthur Deakin. Libel will lead to disqualification. Prizes for the best sets of three. Entries by March 29.

Result of No. 1,305

Set by G. W. Stonier

It has been suggested that, as there are homes for Tired Horses, there should be a refuge for Tired Phrases (*e.g.*, "inspissated gloom" "shark infested sea," "to break a lance"). The usual prizes are offered for paragraphs (maximum 120 words) which could most entertainingly provide an exercise-yard for such hacks. At least six tired phrases should be aired.

Report

What is a cliché? It's odd that we should have had no English word for it, and no word at all until about sixty years ago. The *O.E.D.* gives 1832 as the date when *cliché* came in meaning "stereotype block"; the figurative sense had to wait till 1892. Had to wait? Aren't we in the grip of cliché writing and thinking already? From novels and pulpits, seedsmen's catalogues, love letters and business letters, menus, after-dinner speakers, sergeant-majors—from everywhere it extends its lure.

There is the Political—and in a few months' time a general election will give us a banquet of this:

> By and large, we may hazard the opinion that the way before us is fraught with peril . . . (G. T. Blundell).

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The Vernacular:

Come and meet my better half who (tell it not in Gath) is in an interesting condition, but will be tickled to death to see you. (E. W. Fordham.)

The Novelettish:

Her bosom heaved as the fateful question raised its ugly head. "What a lottery marriage is!" she reflected with downcast mien, and a tear formed in the limpid pools that were her eyes. (Hilary.)

The Deeply Fictional:

Now, although the time-honoured story of Marchpane Hall crumbled at his feet, and the part was pregnant with a melancholy air of decay and desuetude, her gracious memory glowed yet, warm and vibrant, in his pulsing heart. (Sioghle.)

The Old Dramatic:

Pure as the driven snow, she had been struck down in that fatal hour by the bloated aristocrat, who had planned the dastardly deed to the last detail with malice aforethought. (Vere Telfer.)

Fleet Street:

Without fear or favour, we shall continue to present the facts to the people. On the night of Feb. 15 Mrs. Jones . . . (S. W. G.)

Grub Street:

Yet when all is said and done, clichés are but noxious weeds wallowing in the mire. The time is ripe to set our house in order and, putting our shoulders to the wheel, to clear the Augean stable of this dead-sea fruit. (Pibwob.)

Petty Assizes:

You stabbed him in the back: wasn't that un-English? (A. M. N.)

And back to Howling Oratory:

To-day these sea-girt isles stand at the cross-roads. (T. Harris.)

Economic blizzards make us feel the pinch; old idols announce a definitely last appearance in person; after-dinner speakers won't waste our valuable time, though seeming to do so; the cup that cheers but not inebriates will take some swallowing; crocodiles will weep while devouring men; and the evening papers will be on the street soon after breakfast. It is a fascinating twilight of lies, tawdriness, huge hollow machineries, weightless masses, booming non-entity. But still, what exactly *is* a cliché, as distinct from commonplaces and useful phrases?

We know it—or hope we do—the moment we see it. Let's get on to the most successful entries. First prize of Two Guineas each to D. L. L. Clarke and E. P. Bazalgette; second prizes of a Guinea each to Allan M. Laing and Joanna Kennedy. Runners-up, besides those quoted, Damon Junior, Valerie Ranzetta, H. A. C. Evans and Barbara Rickard.

The atmosphere was electric. The accused stood literally glued to the spot, a mere bundle of nerves, while Sir Raymond, who was never once in the hours that lay ahead to relax his grip, smote him hip and thigh. Cudgel his brains as he might, he was given the lie in his throat and had no leg left to stand on. As for defending counsel, he might as well have spared his breath to cool his porridge, so utterly was the ground cut from under his feet. Indeed, Sir Raymond did not mince matters: dispensing with the velvet glove he so demolished the crumbling edifice of the defence that finally something seemed to snap inside the prisoner.

D. L. L. Clarke

"It had been an idyllic day, and Edward surveyed with pride the ample charms of his newly married wife. They were celebrating their nuptials with a bottle of bubbly, and Edward twirled the stem of his glass excitedly as he thought of the morrow. Paris in springtime—on to sun drenched Provence, later '*sur le pont d'Avignon*,' with the dusty winding road ending up at Monte, that Paradise for gamblers. And o'er all the promise of eternal wedded bliss, a marriage of true minds—a union strong and great. Small wonder then that Lavinia's earlier agony of uncertainty now gave way to a mood of studied calm as a torrent of honeyed words poured from her lover's lips."

E. P. Bazalgette

APPOINTMENT AT MIDNIGHT

It was the witching hour—a night of inspissated gloom. There, in a silence that could be heard, his multifarious activities now ripe for fruition, stood the blackmailer, his golden opportunity, he fondly hoped, at hand. Round him he sensed the beetling cliffs, the only landmark in a howling wilderness, and, as he waited for his victim, he reflected on the prospect of unbridled luxury now opening before him. The poor fool was in the hollow of his hand: he had made assurance doubly sure—at least he could lay that flattering unction to his soul! A sound! Sharply he turned—too late. The blunt instrument descended with a sickening thud, and his roseate dreams dissolved into an aching void . . .

Allan M. Laing

OLD GREENFINGERS' COSY CORNER

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Blossom-time in our old-world gardens tugs at the heart-strings now. Flora's mantle decks the delicate tracery of the trees, while in each shady nook modest violets, heralds of spring, peep shyly from the bosom of Mother Earth. Our feathered friends, gaily caparisoned to greet Old Sol, are seeking Nature's benison upon the velvet sward. Soon well-stocked borders, dumb witnesses of our honest toil, will present a riot of glorious colour on which to feast our eyes throughout the livelong day.

Joanna Kennedy

Company Meeting

NATIONAL BANK OF INDIA

The annual general meeting of the National Bank of India, Ltd., will be held on April 5 in London.

The following is an extract from the circulated Statement by the Chairman, Mr. J. K. Michie:—

While at home 1954 was a year of steady economic progress the pattern of events in our various fields of operations was distinctly more chequered. Nevertheless the figures in our Balance-Sheet reflect continued growth and we are satisfied with the results achieved in circumstances of some difficulty.

Our deposits have risen very substantially and the total of our consolidated Balance-Sheet at £162,031,432 not only tops last year by £25,578,458 but considerably exceeds the highest previous figure of £147,283,674 shown at 31st December, 1951. This expansion, I am glad to say, is spread over the whole area of our operations. The figure for the National Bank of India, Ltd. alone shows an increase of £23,704,466.

After full provisions for taxation, bad and doubtful debts and other necessary reservations, our consolidated net profits are £385,923 against £387,644 for the previous year.

As you are aware, a second interim dividend of 8 per cent has been declared making 15 per cent for the year on the increased capital. I think this return is a liberal interpretation of the implied promise I made last year and a standard we have every hope of maintaining.

The resultant balance enables us to transfer £70,000 to Contingencies and to carry forward the slightly increased figure of £326,266.

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CHESS

No. 285 Nimzo-memorial

Only a true chessplayer can appreciate that notable occasion when Nimzowitsch, highly allergic to tobacco-smoke, complained to the tournament director that his well-known phobia was being exploited by a nicotine-fiendish opponent who was completely putting him off his game. "But he is merely fingering his cigar," said the director, "he hasn't even lit up." "That's just it," spluttered the excitable master, "he is *threatening* to smoke!" Nimzo's complaint, of course, was a move perfectly justified by the position; he was simply applying his very own principle of over-protection, to use one of the many terms by which he has enriched modern ideas on chess. True enough, some of those ideas, proclaimed with his delightfully total lack of diffidence, were not quite as "hyper-modern" as all that; yet, his theories have retained a profound influence on our generation. He would be only 68 now, but he died 20 years ago, almost to the day. Here—Nimzo-Löwenfisch, Karlsbad 1911—is the opening phase of a game he considered a significant illustration of his readiness to give up the pawn-centre, provided he could "blockade" it with his pieces.

(1) P-K4	P-K3	(10) Kt-K5	B-Q3
(2) P-Q4	P-Q4	(11) P x P!!	B x P
(3) P-K5	P-QB4	(12) B-Kt5!	Q-Q1
(4) P-QB3	Kt-QB3	(13) B x Kt!	Q x B
(5) Kt-B3	P-B3	(14) Q-R5 ch	P-Kt3
(6) B-QKt5	B-Q2	(15) Q-K2	R-Q1
(7) O-O	Q-Kt3	(16) Kt-Q2	O-O
(8) B x Kt	P x B	(17) QR-K1	KR-K1
(9) P x KBP	Kt x P	(18) K-R1	B-Q3

and, proceeding with P-KB4 White drove home his advantage in due time.

Here—Nimzo-Möller 1923—is a position reached in another game which is little known and missing in the English editions of his works; yet, Nimzowitsch was very proud of this ending, particularly of his forceful methods in eliminating the seemingly undislodgeable "blockader" at c7.

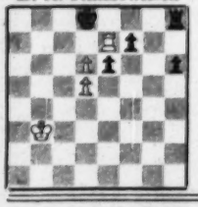
(32) R-R5	K-B2	(41) R-Kt8 ch	K-K2
(33) P-Kt4	B-Kt3	(42) K-B4	R x B
(34) R x KP!	B-B6	(43) R-Kt7!	B-K3
(35) R(2)-Kt5	B x R	(44) P x R	B x QP
(36) R x B	P-QR5	(45) K-K5	K-K1
(37) K-B3	B-B7	(46) K-Q6	B x P
(38) P-K4	B-Kt6	(47) R x P	P-R4
(39) R-QKt5	K-K2	(48) P-K5	P-R6
(40) R-Kt7	K-Q1	(49) P-K6	resigns

The 4-pointer for beginners is a position won by Nimzo in a skittle with another famous master. How then did White force resignation in 3 moves? **B**—White to win—is easy enough for 6 ladder-points, but **C**—a draw—has quite a few pitfalls and may well be worth 7 points.

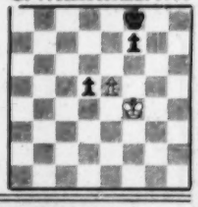
Usual prizes. Entries by March 28.

A: Aron Nimzowitsch 1911

B: A. Nimzowitsch



C: V. Halberstadt 1935



REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 282. Set February 26

A: (1) . . . Q-B1? (2) Q x P ch!, K x Q, (3) R-R4 and mates in 2 moves.

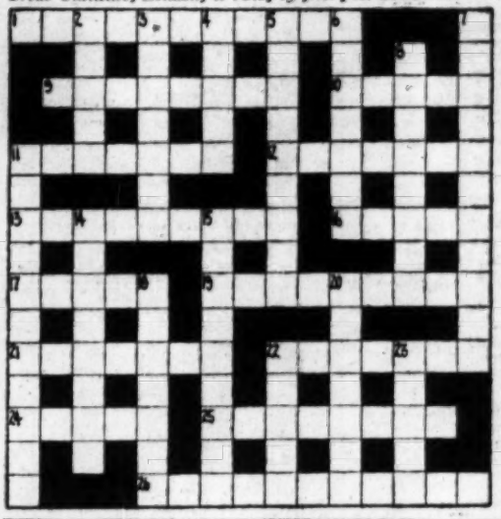
B: (1) B-K6, K-B8, (2) B-R3, K-Kt8, (3) B-Kt4, K-B8, (4) B-K2 ch, K-Kt8, (5) Kt-B4, K-B7, (6) Kt-R3 mate.

C: (1) P-B7, R x BP, (2) B-Kt7!, R-R2, (3) P-Kt7, R-R1 (4) Kt-B5 ch, K-Kt3, (5) Kt-Q6, R-QKt1, (6) B-Q8!, R x B, (7) Kt-B8, R-Q5!, (8) Kt-K7 ch!, followed by Kt-B6, etc.

Many stumped by C. Prizes: E. Allan, R. C. Chaturvedi, C. Sandberg, A. Schneider. Assiac

Week-end Crossword No. 114

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 144, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Mar. 29.



ACROSS

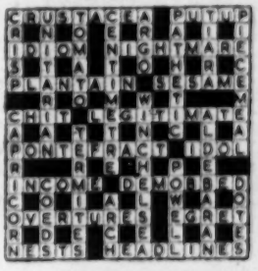
1. Unions are fond of strikers (11).
9. A put-up job with inside information, it is noisy (8).
10. Dance and drink with a half-back (5).
11. An entertainer, I miss the mark in a billiards shot (7).
12. Encircle a man in returning love (7).
13. What one may write on mainly to make people thirsty (9).
16. Mae has deserted Mani's follower for a saintly abode (5).
17. Rekindled in every quarrel I try to stop (5).
19. For a place where you can get something to eat the diggings are in a chaotic state (9).
21. More fortunate chance in front of the landing-stage (7).
22. Crazy about irregular soldiers or one who puts a stop to the bull (7).
24. Ancient Britons appear in this show twice nightly (5).
25. Gifted thanks to two fellows (8).
26. I follow the wretch with trousers—they provide some comfort to the lower regions (11).

DOWN

2. Radio part for which one needs a verse in farewell (5).
3. Ruler in progress in time (7).
4. Flower for a detective (5).
5. Race needs a drink after a hot number (9).
6. Worked hard, like four in the stern perhaps (7).
7. Kind of correspondence which has a distorted line in gossip (11).
8. He is an adult on the outside but a schoolboy hero at heart (8).
11. Newsprint restrictions are raised at Christmas time (11).
14. Sank making sounds of water in the riverside grass (8).
15. Condemns including a case in expenses (9).
18. Medieval three R's? (7).
20. Kind of cycle which provides me with something refreshing (7).
22. This runner must be backed in the preliminary races (5).
23. Dismal although you get a penny back (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 142



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 142

J. T. Naylor (Cardiff), R. G. Cadney (New Barnet), Mrs. E. Garden (Macduff).

PERSONAL

EX-journalist (f., 32), no income, wishing independence to bring up fatherless 18-month son, skg. accom. & small salary exchange services. Suggestions. Box 5350.

LADY wishes join car party Continental hol. Share exps. June/July. Box 5134.

BATH, May 12-15. Any offer bed, bkfast. for woman visitor (quiet)? Box 5524.

PROFESSIONAL parents (girl aged 13) would like to contact other parents with a view to making group arrangements for school holidays. Box 5290.

AMSTERDAM, on river Amstel nr. old canals, from mid-April till July, comf. house, shower, tel., etc., for couple. £20 a mth. Weissing, Kerkstraat 461, Amsterdam.

CARAVAN Tour.—Lt.-Col. Clive and Miss Garsia wish to contact couple or two bachelors—academical or legal preferred; six-week tour in Carlight Colonial "V" Caravan and Land-Rover. Projected route: Brussels-Hague-Nuremburg-Vienna-Budapest (if practicable) - Salzkammergut - Innsbruck - Strasbourg-Rheims. Crossing Aug. 4. Expenses shared: guaranteed maximum per guest £45. Drawbacks of propinquity reduced through tents & other measures. Objectives: scenery, pictures, architecture, good living. Particulars & illustrated Carlight brochure: apply 18 Ashley Rd., Epsom.

FAMOUS Marionette Theatre reqs. student. Tuition wkends. prior summer season North with small salary. No prem. Box 5409.

GERMAN lessons in late afternoon or evening; written and spoken, by experienced native teacher; S.W.7. Box 5253.

BAYREUTH. Ring. 8-seat car Aug. Volunteers share exp. WIM. 4167/Box 5531.

CÔTE d'Azur: House coastal village, 3 persons; May £20, June £24, July £30. Interstate, 24 Newman St., W.1.

GERMAN Lessons required for 17½-year-old boy for General Certificate of Education. Box 5422.

MOTORISTS: 2 studs. wish share car Cornwall Apr. 2. Terms: Box 5423.

SEAT wanted fast car to Cornwall, April 7/8 as paying passenger. Box 5149.

BACHELOR (Doctor) holidaying South France last fortnight April, seeks companion (m.) with car. Share driving, expenses. Or interesting alternatives. Box 5145.

ELDERLY gentleman (non-smoker) skg. hol. companion (m.), car/continental. Shawville, 23 Lyncroft Av., Ripley, Derby.

YOUNG man 28 holidaying Germany and/or Denmark late June/early July, skg. companion (m.) under 30. Box 5128.

ROME, etc., 15 days. Car seats available, May 21 onwards. Box 5324.

CAR reqd. end March, any vintage, reliable runner, about £100. Box 5209.

MAN going Continental hol., new A.C. Petite car, skg. compan. (m). Box 5197.

AU Pair posts, pocket money, 3-12 mths., for educ. yng. ladies wil. help chldn., light hswk. in exc. fam. France, Belg., Germ., Canada, U.S.A. Same arrangem. for foreign girls coming to England. Summer bkgs. shd. be made now. S.a.e. Educ. Tour. Serv., 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7. KNI. 4132.

ACCOUNTANCY student, A.C.C.A. Final Part I, desires coaching. Box 5354.

HILDA Sachs, A.R.C.M., retnd. S. African tour accepts piano pupils. MAC. 6073.

PERSONAL—continued

RICHARD Massingham. A Memorial Programme of his films will be given at the National Film Theatre on Sunday, March 27, at 3 p.m. and 7.30 p.m. (tickets 6s., 10s. 6d., 1gn., 3gns. and 5gns., from Organising Secretary, British Film Institute, 164 Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2), and at the Everyman Cinema, Hampstead, on March 28 at 8.30 p.m. (tickets 6s., 10s. 6d. and 1gn., from the Everyman). Proceeds from all performances will be devoted to a trust fund to provide for the education of Richard Massingham's son.

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RETIREMENT: are you planning yours? This will be the theme of a course at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon, Apr. 15-17.

THE Technique of Film Making. The only course in England for training "live" and cartoon film artists and technicians. Heatherleys, 33 Warwick Square, Westminster, S.W.1. VICtoria 6077.

HENLEY in the 90's. Champagne and Chaperons. Punts and Parasols and Lambert & Butler's Straight Cut cigarettes. Made for Halcyon Days, but still as good today. 20 for 3s. 11d.

PROF. gentleman does proof-reading. "A," 34 Mowbray Rd., Edgware, Mx.

GUITAR lessons, technique/theory/harmony. Few vacs. Chesnakov. FLA. 4354.

INVIGORATING, stimulating and also relaxing is the effect of Nerve Manipulation. A reintegrating treatment of proved value. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck St., London, W.1. WELbeck 9600.

PERSONAL—continued

EASTER and Spring holidays: escape to sunshine, gaiety and spring flowers! Our Easter arrangements for professional people include spring ski-ing parties, sunshine and sightseeing holidays in Majorca and Italy, Easter weekend parties to Paris and Amsterdam, and Easter house parties in Britain (Sussex, Berkshire and Stratford-on-Avon). Spring flower parties to the Dolomites and Lake Garda, Austria, Greece and Switzerland. Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 and 9225.

JERSEY, the Island that has everything for every holiday-maker. Gay Continental atmosphere, warm seas of Mediterranean blue; scenery that is a glorious kaleidoscope of the splendid, the quaint, the serene. Travel by British Railways or fly by British European Airways. Free literature from Box 324, Official Tourist Information Centre, Jersey, or Travel Agents. One Island—20 Resorts with the longest sunshine season.

HOTEL Plan Ltd. offer the finest choice of Continental holiday tours at prices that defy comparison. Typical 8-day holiday bargains including fare and hotel: France from 14gns., Germany from 14½gns., Scandinavia from 24gns., Spain, 15 days, from 35gns. Couchettes from 15s. on our Special Train. Also Cruises and Coach tours. Send for free programme to Hotel Plan Ltd., 2 Church Place, Piccadilly, London, S.W.1. REG. 5701-8.

CORSICA, Majorca, Sardinia, Costa Brava. A 14-day sunshine holiday by air to any of these Mediterranean Paradise resorts on specially advantageous terms. Full board and accommodation from £43 15s. Also a grand Mediterranean luxury air cruise for £63 10s. Plan now. Write or 'phone for five exciting fully illustrated free colour brochures to Dept. N.S.11. Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. CITy 7163.

WHITSUN: France, Dordogne, with Cockaigne Club; also Easter, Cornwall. Dets.: Russell, Carn Voel, Porthcurno, Penzance.

YOUR Writing Success begins with "Know How." Send for Free N.3, "Know-How Guide to Writing Success." No Sales—No Fees tuition. B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond Street, London, W.1.

PENMAN Club Members, throughout the world, receive market advice, and free criticism of all their MSS. S.A.E. for prospectus. No obligation. The General Secretary, Dept. S., Penman House, 378a London Road, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex.

MR. Robert St. John sees private and clinic patients for the Bates System of Visual Re-education in London and Liverpool. 72 Gloucester Place, W.1. WEL. 4042.

MEN wear Adhite shoes and be 2ins. taller. Normal appearance. Details: City Shoe Co. (Rm. 80), 147 Holborn, Ldn., E.C.1.

MODERN Contact Lens Centre, 7(T) Endsleigh Court, W.C.1. Booklet sent. Deferred terms.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. KENsington 8042.

TYPEWRITERS. Modern portable machines avail. for hire, £1 mthly. Tel. Robert Rapkins. WELbeck 6655 for details.

PRADES Music Festival end June; mixed party, road travel. Details: Russell, Carn Voel, Porthcurno, Penzance.

APPLICS. invited to form parties of 8 for fortnightly visits Spanish Med. coast, travelling Volkswagen Microbus. Box 5374.

PERSONAL—continued

RAMBLING in the Bernese Oberland from Kleine Scheidegg. Freelance holidays: 10 days £26 18s., 14 days £32 6s., 17 days £36 7s. Also by Tourist Air Services, 8 days £38 10s. 6d., 15 days £47 19s. 6d. Apply W.T.A., Eccleston Court, Gillingham Street, London, S.W.1.

RELAX in the sun at the Holiday Villages of the Club Mediterranee of Paris. Capri, Corfu, Djerba, Elba, Palinuro, Tahiti. Underwater exploration and fishing, water ski-ing, French cooking, excursions. Full details from Travel Counsellors, Ltd., 75 Warwick Road, London, S.W.5. FREmantle 8887.

CANAL Cruising holidays combine peace, beauty and adventure. Comfortable cruisers for 2-6 people. Choice of 7 routes over 700 miles of lovely canals and rivers. Canal Cruising Co. (N), Stone, Staffs.

ANGLO-Scandinavian Cruise by M.Y. "Brand VI" (1,600 tons) arranged by the Anglo-Norse Society. 14 days from £25. Calling Copenhagen, Gothenburg, Oslo, Kristiansand. Optional excursions at each port. Apply Bennett's Travel Bureau, 11 Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, W.C.2. (Phone: WHItehall 4865.)

CANNES. Summer all-the-year-round. Reduced price £10 per week full board wine service inclusive, family hotel. Spring/Autumn season. English-French management. Cheap holiday for young people, permanent home for retired. Travel arranged, payable England. Particulars: Kingston, 39, Platts Lane, London, N.W.3.

TOUR of Spain. Bedford Dormobile. Madrid, Seville, Barcelona April 1-May 1. 1 seat avail. All land travel £25. EUS. 8381.

HOLIDAYS in Eastern Europe! From £46 all in. Glorious fortnight of sunshine and interest at famous places or tiny unknown resorts. Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria, Hungary or Rumania. July, Aug., Sept. Send 2½d. stamp for free illustrated brochure to: Progressive Tours, Dept. D, 100a, Rochester Row, London, S.W.1.

BY air to Sunny Spain. A fortnight's holiday in San Sebastian with Air Travel for £43 10s.! Apply W.T.A., Eccleston Court, Gillingham Street, London, S.W.1.

AIR Travel included in 2 weeks' tours starting July 23 Switzerland, July 30 Austria, August 14 N. Italy, August 21 Spain, August 29 Yugoslavia. £35 to £42. E.I.B. Tours, 154 Westbourne Grove, W.11.

WHY not a holiday at home! At any of the many C.H.A. holiday centres throughout the country you can have a holiday to remember. Good food, happy surroundings and friendly company. Give yourself a holiday. Let us arrange it for you. Write for free booklet. C.H.A., Dept. J., Birch Heys, Manchester, 14.

HUNGARY, including excursions, concert, etc., 16 days £49 10s., 21 days £57. Full programme contains 80 holidays in 18 countries. Send stamp Holiday Friendship Service, 5 Goodwins Court, W.C.2.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

P.S. Harold Ingham's Summer Schools programme includes courses in Austria, Greece, Italy, Spain, Switzerland and Yugoslavia—also special "Musicians' Tours." Period 14-26 days, costs 26½-59gns.

P.P.S. Apply now to 15 St. John's Road, Harrow. Telephone: Harrow 1040.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea.—Applications are invited for the post of Probationary Assistant Lecturer in French. Preference will be given to candidates who have made a special study of 18th century literature or thought. Commencing salary not less than £450 per annum with F.S.S.U. benefits and family allowances. Salary scale under review. Applications must be sent by March 31, 1955, to the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Temporary Research Assistant in Economics. Applications are invited for the post of Temporary Research Assistant in the Department of Economics to assist with research on the structure of property and property ownership in post-war Great Britain. The appointment will be for one year in the first instance and may be renewed for a second year. Salary between £400 and £500 per annum according to qualifications and experience. Applications should be sent by March 31, 1955, to the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

LONDON County Council. Secondary School—Headship. Battersea Secondary, Culvert Road (Battersea Park Road), S.W.11, with annexe at Lockington Road, S.W.8, for over 1,000 boys and girls. Headmaster or headmistress required from September, 1955. The school provides a variety of general technical and commercial courses, including courses leading to G.C.E. The school is in Burnham Group XV based on an estimated unit total of 1,532 for 1956; it is expected that this Group will at least be maintained at the review in 1956 and may be exceeded. The head teacher allowance for a Group XV school is £640 (headmaster) and £565 (headmistress). There is a deputy headmistress with a substantial special allowance and adequate provision for other special allowance posts. The secretarial staff consists of a full-time administrative officer with part-time help. A person of high academic qualifications, organising ability and a strong interest in the whole field of secondary education is looked for. Apply on Form EO/TS 10/Battersea obtainable from the Education Officer (TS 10), County Hall, S.E.1, together with further particulars. (Persons who have recently completed a similar form may apply on Form EO/TS 10B). Closing date March 28, 1955. (302.)

BRITISH Council invites applications for the post of Librarian in the Music Department, London Headquarters. Duties, to select sheet music and gramophone records for use overseas, to administer the music libraries, and to provide general information about British music and musical organizations. Candidates must have a recognised professional qualification in music and a wide knowledge of British music. Inclusive salary scale: Men, starting at £517, rising to £775; Women, starting at £492, rising to £635 (lower starting salary under age 25). Pension scheme. Write, quoting "Music Librarian," and enclosing stamped addressed foolscap envelope to Director, Personnel Department, British Council, 65 Davies Street, London, W.1, for further particulars and application form to be returned completed by March 29.

CALDECOTT Community. Young assistant housemaster required in September or possibly April to help with general supervision and out of school activities of a group of boys aged 11-16 years. Ability to help with dramatic work, drawing or woodwork an advantage. The post is for a period not exceeding one year to two years, good experience for a young man interested in social work among deprived children, prior to entrance to the University or Probation Officer's or Teacher's Training Courses. Highest references required. Small salary according to experience. Apply, sending copies of three testimonials, to Miss Rendel, Mersham le Hatch, Ashford, Kent.

CENTRAL Middlesex Group Hospital Management Committee. Tavistock Clinic, 2 Beaumont Street, London, W.1. Psychiatric Social Worker (Senior Teacher) required in the Department for Children and Parents. Duties include acting as Senior Tutor of Course in Advanced Casework; personal case work; administration and supervision. Appointment effective from September 1, 1955. Salary scale £625×£20 to £725 p.a., plus London Weighting. Applications, stating full details, with names of three refs., to Group Sec., Central Middlesex Group H.M.C., Acton Lane, N.W.10, by March 28.

ASSISTANT required for Publications Section of International Oil Company. Duties include editing of texts, styling, choice of illustrative matter and contact with typographers, blockmakers and writers. Subject matter ranges from technical to cultural and the highest standards of production are maintained. Applicants, who must have had previous experience of such work, should be between 24 and 32 years of age. Salary according to age, experience and qualifications. Pension Fund rights. Please apply to Box 4728.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

GOVERNMENT of Kenya. Industrial Relations Officer, Labour Department, required to assist trade union movement and help to establish and operate negotiating and wage fixing machinery; should have knowledge of labour legislation and trade union practice and administration. Experience of industrial relations and as trade union official required. Age limit 45. Post permanent and pensionable. Salary £1,278-1,620 plus 10% non-pensionable cost of living allowance. Government quarters at low rental or allowance in lieu. Free passages. Tour of service 24-45 months. Generous home leave. Free medical treatment. Low income tax. Further particulars and application form from Director of Recruitment, Colonial Office, Great Smith Street, London, S.W.1, quoting BCD 132/7/06. Last day for receipt of initial enquiries, April 2, 1955.

ASSISTANT Programme Organiser required by Uganda Government for Department of Information for one tour of 30-36 months in first instance. Salary scale (including inducement pay and present temporary allowance of 10 per cent of salary) £772 rising to £1,280 a year. Commencing salary according to experience. Outfit allowance £30. Provident Fund. Free passages. Liberal leave on full salary. Candidates must be capable of undertaking production, script writing, and planning of English and African programmes, arranging auditions of potential artists, making local recordings and assisting on outside broadcasts. Experience with a Colonial Broadcasting Station would be an advantage. Write to the Crown Agents, 4 Millbank, London, S.W.1. State age, name in block letters, full qualifications and experience and quote M3B/34516/NJ.

MIDDLESEX County Council Education Ctte. Full-time Educational Psychologist rqd. in Hounslow Child Guidance Centre, Middx. Honours degree in psychology or equivalent. Recognised clinical training and some teaching experce. Applications considered from Fellows completing clinical training. Salary (Soulbury II), £915×£25—£1,115 (Men), £815×£20—£965 (Women). Prescribed conditions. Application forms (stampd. add. env.) from undersigned returnable by March 25. (Quote Q42, N.S.) Canvassing disqualifies. C. E. Gurr, Secretary to the Education Committee.

MIDDLESEX County Council Education Committee. Child Psychotherapist, either (a) full time or (b) part time, for minimum of 4/3-hr. sessions p. wk. at Wembley & Willesden Child Guidance Centre. Salary: (a) men, £915×£25—£1,115; women £815×£20—£965; (b) £1 11s. 6d. p. session (under review). Honours degree in Psychology, or equivalent. Recognised training and/or exper. in therapy; membership of Assoc. of Child Psychotherapists desirable. Prescribed conditions. Application forms (stmpd. add. env.) from Chief Education Officer, 10 Gt. George St., Westminster, S.W.1, returnable by Apr. 1. Quote Q70, N.S.N. Canvassing disqualifies.

MIDDLESEX County Council Education Committee. Senior Psychiatric Social Worker I rqd. initially at Uxbridge Child Guidance Centre. M.H. Cert. of L.S.E. or approved equivalent. Exper. essential. Salary £500×£20—£640, plus London Weighting. Minimum abated by £15 for each yr. or part of yr. shört of 2 yrs.' qualified experce. Prescribed conditions. Application forms from Divisional Education Officer, Local County Offices, High St., Uxbridge, returnable by April 1. (Quote Q69, N.S.N.) Canvassing disqualifies.

CITY of Sheffield. Children's Department. Children's Visitor (Male or Female). Grade A.P.T. I, £500×£20-£580. Applicant must have had experience in dealing with children deprived of a normal home life and hold a Degree, a Diploma in Social Science or similar qualification. Superannuable post, subject to medical examination; N.J.C. Conditions of service. Applications, stating age, education, qualifications, experience, present and past appointments (with dates), testimonials, and the names and addresses of two referees, should be sent to the Children's Officer, 155 Norfolk Street, Sheffield, 1, by March 25. John Heys, Town Clerk.

RURAL Industries Bureau invite further applications for the post of Publications Assistant in the Information Section to assist in preparing technical and general publications. Experience of layout and preparation of materials for printers is desirable. Ability to write clearly and simply on technical subjects from data provided by technicians is essential. Salary scale (including pay supplement) for a man, £517 10s. (age 25) by 10 increments to £775. The minimum will be less under 25 years of age. Applications, stating date of birth, education, experience and names of two referees to be sent to the Secretary, 35, Camp Road, Wimbledon, S.W.19, by March 31, 1955.

ASSISTANT House Mothers, resident, wanted for interesting work in Children's Homes with boys and girls 3-15 years. Training or previous experience desirable but not essential. Minimum salary £26 10s a month less valuation of emoluments. Separate bedrooms and good holidays. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

LINEN Department, Heal & Son, Limited, 196 Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1, require sales assistants for linens, bedspreads & quilts. Previous selling experience desirable. Apply in writing, stating age and experience, to Staff Officer.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

A SECRETARY is required for the General Manager of the Technical Organisation of a medium-size light Engineering Company. This is a responsible post of interest to a woman with good shorthand typing speeds, capable of composing letters, and who has aptitude for dealing with technical correspondence including operating filing system and grouping technical correspondence into categories of importance and/or of urgency. Duties may be extended in connection with written technical communications and abstracts, in which case an assistant will be appointed to deal with the routine work. Good salary. Pension scheme. Apply Personnel Manager, Glacier Metal Co., Ltd., Ealing Road, Alperton, Middlesex.

NATIONAL Institute for Research in Dairying requires an Assistant Experimental Officer (female) as Personal Assistant to Head of Physiology department. Degree in Biological Science or equivalent qualification, and good secretarial qualifications essential. Commencing salary according to age in scale, £382½ (age 21)—£482½ (age 26 or over on entry)—£540 (maximum), with superannuation. Applications, with names of two referees, to reach Secretary of the Institute, Shinfield, Reading, within one week. Quote reference 55/6.

YOUTH Centre Leader (man or woman) required for The St. Marylebone Youth Centre, 60 Paddington Street, W.1. Salary scale £450 to £550 (non-resident). Full details to Hon. Treasurer.

ADVENTURE Playground Leader wanted as soon as possible, for experiment on Bristol housing estate. Dual task of (i) practical work with playground; (ii) observation as member of Social Project team. Salary £450 p.a. Full details from the Hon. Secretary, Southmead Adventure Playground Committee, Institute of Education, 19 Berkeley Square, Bristol, 8.

ASSISTANT Community Development Officer to work as member of a team on new housing projects in the London area. Applicant should possess degree or relevant professional qualifications. Some administrative experience desirable. Application forms (to be returned by April 1): London Council of Social Service, 7 Bayley St, W.C.1.

SOCIAL Worker. For welfare work for old people and some office administration. Commencing sal. not less than £400 p.a. Closing date March 31. Details (written requests only) from the Secretary, Manchester and Salford Council of Social Service, 16 Queen St., Manchester, 2.

NATIONAL Union of Students require resident Hostel Warden: suitable for married couple to take over duties of Warden and Deputy (no accommodation for children); individual applications for post Warden only also considered. Full particulars and application form from: Gen. Sec., N.U.S., 3, Endsleigh Street, W.C.1.

AMBULANCE Control Clerks, London County Council requires men and women aged 18-35 years, with allowance for time spent on a regular engagement in H.M.F. Starting wage 102s. to 150s. according to age, 159s. 6d. (age 24 and 25), 169s. (age 26 and 27), 178s. 6d. (age 28 and 29), 188s. (age 30 and over), rising to 236s. 40-hour week, shift duties including night and week-end. Appn. form (f.s.a.e.) for return by March 31, 1955, to Officer-in-Charge, London Ambulance Service, County Hall, S.E.1. Quote C. (296.)

ASSISTANT Manager for the Vega Restaurant, Leicester Sq. (56 Whitcomb St., W.C.2). No Suns. Commencing £650 p.a. Apply by letter, stating educ. & exper.

THE National Union of Students require temporary Clerks, 4-6 months, for Vacation Work and Farm Camps. Experience in office routine, figures or typing an asset. Preferably not over 30. Salary £5-£6 per week according to experience. Also Administrative Secretary and Shorthand-typist. Write for forms of application to the Vacation Work Organiser, 3 Endsleigh St., London, W.C.1.

PERSONAL Secretary required by manager of the Education & Training Department, British Institute of Management. A high standard of shorthand and typing, ability to undertake committee work and to deal with people at all levels are essential. Some knowledge of adult education would be an advantage. Candidates must have had previous experience as a private secretary. Salary according to age and qualifications. Please write giving full details to: Staff Officer, B.I.M., 8 Hill Street, London, W.1.

EDITORIAL Secretary required for weekly educational journal. Good shorthand/typing, initiative and common sense essential. Commencing salary £400. Pension scheme. Write, stating age, experience and when available, to Box 5520.

REQUIRED for flourishing and established puppet theatre, young lady of cheerful disposition as sole assistant. Companionable, broadminded & unconventional. Good health and speaking voice assets, willing to work hard and to travel, excellent salary, perm. engagement. Send fullest details Box 5337.

THEATRE Group, London, casting S.W. Productions Pro./Amateur, also 30 coloured actors. Box 5333.

SHORTHAND and Copy Typists wanted for interesting temporary work by the day or week. Generous salary and bonuses. Apply Staff Manager, GERrard 1069.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

INTERESTING job for intelligent person. Secretary required. Council engaged social and educational work. Qualifications required: organising ability, initiative and some previous experience. Hours of work might be adjusted slightly to meet home responsibilities. Salary £500. Box 5436.

AN EDUCATED young woman wanted to look after a small group of slightly retarded children out of school hours; also some light domestic duties. Should take an active interest in all school activities and be one of the family with 10 resident staff and 35 boarders aged 6 to 12. Usual school holidays. Apply to The Principal, Salmon's Cross School, Reigate, Surrey.

FABIAN Colonial Bureau requires Assistant Secretary. Academic training and individual or affiliated membership of Labour Party essential, previous study of colonial affairs an advantage. Salary £400 p.a. or upwards according to qualifications. Full particulars from the General Secretary, The Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

MEDICAL Secretary, good at statistics, to work with research team at a London clinic. £425-£480. Applicants (by personal call) invited for the following posts: £500 salary to educated, well-groomed lady with initiative. Export firm in Mayfair. Some foreign travel. £500 salary to personal secretary to managing director, W.2. Languages useful. No fees. Wigmore Agency & Executive Appointments Ltd., 67 Wigmore St. W.1.

SECRETARY aged 21-25 required immediately. Large Company near Oval tube (Northern Line). Permanent pensionable post. Staff canteen. RELiance 8111, ex. 209.

BI-LINGUAL Shorthand-typist German/English reqd. immediately. Knowledge Spanish useful. 5-day week. Hyde Park 9535.

PART-Time secretary needed for foreign journalist. Shorthand-typing in English and German essential. Refs. Box 5320.

EXPERIENCED Secretaries wanted for temporary work on our emergency staff; 10-5, no Sats. £7. Dutton's Sec. Service, 92 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Tel. MUS. 7379.

ARE you a shorthand or copy typist? If so you can work from 10-5, no Saturdays, for a week or more, Cranbourn Agency, 42, Cranbourn St., Leic. Sq. GER. 3249.

PART-time secretl. & research assistance reqd. immediately; hrs. & salary by arrangement. Strand office. Box 5434.

OUR "Hand-Picked" Secretaries get the plum jobs. No fees. Wigmore Agency, 67 Wigmore St., W.1. HUN. 9951/2/3.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. All office staff, perm. and temp. Typewriting; duplicating. TRAfalgar 9090.

DAILY companion (mid-day to 8 p.m.) required for elderly lady (not invalid); light housework and vegetarian cooking; modern house, Hendon; charwoman kept.—For further particulars, write Box 175, Rays, Cecil Court, London, W.C.2.

HOUSEKEEPER-Cook, young, well balanced, for small Christian Community in London area doing pioneer social rehabilitation. Pay small, partly by design. Experience of social work not a necessary qualification. Experience of cooking useful. Box 5239.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

ENERGETIC married man, 24, degree, driver, sks. farming exper., cottage, 100 mls. Lond. Langlands, 122 Adelaide Rd., N.W.3.

INTER B.Sc. Chemistry, Geology, selling exper., French, car, presentable, adaptable, schoolmaster seeks fresh employment. Anything, anywhere considered. Box 5385.

CAPABLE artistic woman requires interesting work. Box 5151.

INTELLIGENT, attractive young woman writer, experienced Sec. Sh/Typ., Production Asst., editorial work, wants interesting job. Speaks fluent French. Box 5389.

REPORTER/Secretary, free occasionally. 'Phone ARChway 1765.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand-typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

IF you need an efficient secretary, junior or senior, apply to the Mayfair Secretarial College, 57 Duke St., Lndn. W.1. May. 6626.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries, ring Secretary, MEA. 3012.

ITALIAN Wine Bottles, drilled, with lampholder, flex for table lamp assembly. 10s. 6d. Beadle, 56 Heath Rise, Hayes, Kent.

DUREX gloves and all rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept. NN, 34 Wardour St., London, W.1.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept., C20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We offer also an interesting booklet giving details and fees of our Courses and Criticisms, and success letters from students.

LECTURES, etc.—cont. from page 416

"THE Rumanian People's Republic." 1st Documentary Colour Film shown at Y.M.C.A., 41 Fitzroy Sq. (Warren St. Station), Sunday, March 20, 7.30. Talk by Harry Francis. Chair: D. N. Pritt, Q.C. 1s. 6d. B.R.F.A. 40 Gt. Russell St. W.C.1.

BULGARIA and Britain—Lecture of the Association of Bulgarians in Britain, Monday, March 21, 7.30 p.m. Caxton Hall, Westminster. Speaker: Boris Christoff.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

LEIGHTON House Arts Gallery Lectures. Kensington Music Society presents Joan Bickers in Music Forum—a series of 4 lectures with discussion. 2nd lecture Tuesday next, March 22, at 8 o'c. "What are 'Lieder'?" Tickets 3s. 6d. and 2s. at doors or from Cecil Roy, Ltd., 74 Old Brompton Rd. S.W.7. Red. prices students/groups.

MIDWEEK Courses at Braziers Park: Apr. 19, "Initiative in Work & Leisure." Apr. 26, "Dance & Mime." May 3, "Religious Education of the Future." Details from the Warden, Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

THE Archæology of Roman Britain. Dr. Nash-Williams will open weekend course at Missenden Abbey, Great Missenden, Bucks, on Friday, April 1. Progr. includes visit to Verulamium. Partics. from Warden.

COURSES for London Univ. Entrance, Inter. & Degree Exams. for B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.(Econ.), B.Sc.(Soc.), LL.B., B.D., etc. Highly qualified Tutors; low fees. Pros. from Registrar, University Correspondence College, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

ADMINISTRATIVE and secretarial training for good posts at St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd., N.W.3. New Courses April 19. Day and res. students. Canteen.

INTENSIVE individual training in secretarial subjects for graduates and others. 6 months' and 14 weeks' courses begin at frequent intervals. Davies, White Lodge, 2 Addison Road, W.14 (Tel. PARk 8392).

HAVE you a Grasshopper Mind? A mind that nibbles at everything and masters nothing. Pelmanism will enable you to concentrate and develop your mental powers generally. Reduced fees for H.M. Forces. Write for a free copy of "The Science of Success," which describes the Course. Pelman Institute, 67 Norfolk Mansions, Wigmore St., W.1.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. GERrard 8531-2. All foreign languages taught in day and evening classes or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (all examining Boards) London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., B.Sc.Sociology, LL.B., B.D. Degrees & Diplomas; Law and Professional exams., mod. fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

EXPERT Postal Tuition for examinations.—University, Law, Accountancy, Secretarial, Civil Service, Commercial, General Cert. of Education, etc. Also many practical (non-exam.) Courses in business subjects. Write today for free prospectus mentioning exam. or subjects in which interested to Metropolitan College (D14), St. Albans, or call, 30 Queen Victoria St., E.C.4.

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

PAINTING Rooms: Day & Evening Classes, with models. Private tuition if desired. Reasonable terms. 374 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1. TER. 7603 or MAI. 7096.

PIANO Lessons, Chelsea. Peggy Gray, A.R.C.M., studied under Kendall Taylor & Harold Craxton, accepts pupils. FLA. 2408.

EASTER AND SUMMER SCHOOLS

FABIAN Easter School, April 7-11, Beatrice Webb House, Dorking. Life in a Socialist Britain. Lord Campion, Ernest Davies, Wilfred Fienburgh, Ian Mikardo, Malcolm Muggeridge, Sir Leslie Plummer, W. A. Robson. Dets. 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

CIVILISATION and the Idea of Progress: Progressive League Easter Conference, April 7/11, at Grittleton House, Nr. Chippenham, Wilts. J. Hemming: Is Human Society Advancing? P. Ticciati: Psycho-Analysis and Human Progress; Dr. W. Russell: Sexual Behaviour and Human Progress; J. Hayes: Progress, Dominance and Civilisation; Brains Trust. Fee, £4 17s. 6d. Full parties. from and bookings to: Mrs. M. Fried (P.L.), 24 Howitt Road, N.W.3.

EASTER Festival at Braziers Park, Ipsden, Oxon. Send a card for programme of leisure and study activities.

ST. Peter's Loft, St. Ives, Cornwall. Fine Art training studio and workshop. Peter Lanyon—William Redgrave—Terry Frost. Drawing, Painting, Portraiture, Still-Life, Abstraction, Landscape, Preparation of materials, Lectures. Accommodation arranged.

SUMMER Film School in Georgian mansion, beautifully situated near Bath. 2 weeks, residential, July 30-August 13, £18 18s. Films, lectures, discussions, film-making, etc. Illustrated brochure from British Film Institute, 4 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. MUS. 0581.

EASTER SCHOOLS, etc.—cont.

EASTER Vacation Course on "Architecture and Society" at Madingley Hall, Cambridge, April 9-18, 1955. An interesting series of lectures has been arranged, and the Course will include visits to King's Lynn, Castle Acre, Wimpole Hall and Kimbolton Castle. Full particulars from: F. E. Bell, M.A., Stuart House, Cambridge.

PAINTING School June 4-18. Landscape course under the personal supervision of John Nash, R.A., and Carel Weight, R.B.A. £7 p.w. Numbers limited to 24. Big Wood Holiday Camp, Radley, Abingdon, Berks.

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group. May 2 to September 16, 1955. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. For prospectus apply Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

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HOLIDAY course for Continental students. The 9th Course will be held this summer from July 21-Sept. 1. Young people of all nationalities welcome. English lectures. Graduate staff. All sports. Large estate, Private beach, and plentiful food. Prospectus from the Secretary, Sizewell Hall, Suffolk.

SCHOLARSHIPS

BYAM Shaw School of Drawing and Painting. Five annual entrance scholarships and one exhibition for men or women who wish to train as professional artists: all awards tenable for four years. Competition in April: details from Sec., Byam Shaw School, Campden St. Kensington W.8 before Mar. 31.

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WELL-BALANCED preparation for the great School of Mankind—Life itself—is the aim of The New School, Kings Langley, Herts. While avoiding early specialisation the method (based on Rudolf Steiner principles) seeks to unfold individual faculties and gifts and to develop truly social impulses. Boys and girls, 6 to 18, received as day children or boarders at moderate fees. Number of vacancies now due to recent extensions.

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CARAVAN to let furnished, private site, 100 yds. Solent, May, June, July. Sleep 4/5, no children. Tent, sailing dinghy. 5/7gns. per week. Box 5080.

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WHERE TO STAY—continued

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KESWICK: Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, in unique position, is an excellent centre for exploring the beauties of the English Lake District. First-class food, personal supervision. Home-made bread, &c., comf., friendly atmosphere. Vacancies for Easter. Anne Horner. Tel. 588.

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LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses, The Bide-a-While Book, 3s. 6d., postage 3d. Victor Hilton (NS), Harbourside, Torquay.

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FARM and Country Holidays: Guide for 1955 describing Britain's Best Holiday Farms and Guest Houses. Pages of pictures. 3s. 3d. post paid. Farm Guide, Dept. S.N., 18 High Street, Paisley.

CONNEMARA, Eire, Seaside farmhouse accommodation, recommended. 5gns. weekly. Mrs. Nee, Renvyle, Co. Galway.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"RAILWAY Finance and Nationalisation" show what's wrong and what can be done now about high fares and low wages. By J. R. Campbell in the March Labour Monthly. Order 1s. 6d. all newsagents. Or 9s. half-year's sub. from N.S., 134 Ballards Lane, London, N.3.

"HEALTHY Childhood," by Jessie R. Thomson. Kindly guidance from infancy through school age. By post 8s. from Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

READ latest popular psychological works. Postal Library of Psychology, 48 Ring Rd., Crossgates, Leeds. Books for sale.

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. HOL. 8471.

ENTERTAINMENTS

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 5973. Tues.-Fri. 7.45, Sat. 5.30 & 8.20. "Volpone" by Ben Jonson.

TOWER Theatre, Canonbury Place (nr. Islington Tn. Hall). Tavistock Rep. in the first stage production of "The Face of Violence" by Julian Bronowski (Italia Prize for Radio, 1951). Opens tonight, Fri., March 18. Also Sat. 19, Sun. 20 (Mems. only), Thurs. 24, Fri. 25, Sat. 26, at 7.30. Book CAN. 3475 (9-6), or CAN. 5111 after 7.

ARTS (TEM. 3334). 7.30 (ex. Mon.), St., Sn. 5 & 8. Sacrifice to the Wind. Mems.

UNITY Theatre (EUS. 5391). "Shadow of the Swastika." Fris. & Sats., 7.45, Suns. 4 & 7.45. Mems.

IRVING Th., Leics. Sq. WHI. 8657, Ntly. ex. Mon. 10.30, Sun. 9.30. "Airs and Graces." Mems. 10s. yr. incl. Guest Ticket.

THE "Friends of the Marie Steiner School" present Dr. W. J. Ernst in a one-man Performance of Goethe's "Faust," Prologue and Scene I, in German, at the Twentieth Century Theatre, Westbourne Grove, W.11, on Tues., April 5, at 8 p.m. PAR. 6870. Tickets 5s., 3s. 6d. & 1s. 6d.

OPERA Circle. "Don Procopio," by Bizet intro. by Marcus Dods. Cast University College London Music Society. Sun., Mar. 20, 8 p.m., 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Details: Hon. Secretary, WBS. 7513.

A. L. LLOYD on "The Hungarian Village: Past and Present," with film strip, gramophone records and craft exhibits. Educ. Comm. B.H.F.S., 33 Pembridge Sq., W.2. Sun., March 20, 7.30. 1s. members, 1s. 6d. guests. Restnt. & members' lied. bar.

MARIONETTE Theatre, Highgate. Perfs. every Sun. at 3 & 7. Seats: GUL. 7208.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Eisenstein Season. Until Mar. 20: "Potemkin" (X). From Mar. 21: "Time in the Sun" (A, London) and "The Magic Garden" (U).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. Wat. 3232. Sat., Mar. 19. Spencer Tracy, Joan Bennett, Elizabeth Taylor in "Father of the Bride" (U). Dir. Vincente Minnelli. 2.0, 4.0, 6.0, 8.0. Open to public.

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3520. Sun., Mar. 20, "Le Ble en Herbe" (X), French.

"GREAT Erkel"; Hungarian prize musical film. Also W.M.A. Singers. Holborn (small) Hall, Grays Inn Rd. Mar. 25, 7.30. 2s.

CARIBBEAN Labour Congress Dance, Sat., Mar. 19, Royal Hotel, Woburn Pl. (Tube: Russell Sq.), 7.30 till 12. Ginger Johnson's Latin-American Rhythm. All welc

I.C.A. Dancing to Norman Jackson's "Noveltones", Sat. March 19, 8-11. Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St. W.1. Mems. 3s., guests 5s. Membership invited.

ENTERPRISE Club. Dancing to Norman Jackson's "Noveltones." Sun., March 20 From 7.30 p.m., 214 Piccadilly, W.1. Admission 5s., yearly mem. 1s. (Sunday Club.)

FANTASIA Club, 35 Broadhurst Gardens, N.W.6. Bar open dly. ex. Mon. Weekend studio dances to Sonny Drinkwater & his Music from 7.30 p.m. Mems. 3s. 6d., gsts. 5s.

INTERNATIONAL F'ship. League C.L.B. St Patrick's Dance, Sat., Mar. 19, 7.30-11. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. Tkts. 4s. 6d.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society Annual Dinner & Dance, Crosby Hall, Cheyne Walk, S.W.3. Sat., April 2, 7 p.m. Speakers: Harold Wilson & Benn Levy. Tickets 12s. each from J. Lewis, 23b Sinclair Gdns., W.14.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall, Sun., March 20, 3 p.m. Quintetto Chigiano. Quintet in A, Boccherini; Quartet in G minor, K.478, Mozart; Quintet, Op. 81, Dvorak. WAT. 3191.

ROYAL Festival Hall. "The Genius of Bach." Weekly Bach concerts and organ recitals. Wednesdays at 5.45 until May 25. March 23: The Geraint Jones Orchestra (Conductor: Geraint Jones). Leaflets full progs. & tkts. from Hall, (WAT. 3191)/Agnts.

LONDON Harpsichord Ensemble. Concert of 18th Century Music. LeClair, Couperin, Rameau, Bach, Royal Festival Hall, Recital Room, Saturday, March 26 at 8.15. WAT. 3191.

AMARYLLIS Fleming (cello), Alan Loveday (violin) and Leonard Cassini (piano) in the first of 3 Concerts of Polish Music. Thursday, March 24, at 7.30, Indian Students Union, 41 Fitzroy Sq., W.1. Works by Chopin, Szymanowski, etc. Tickets 5s., 3s. 6d. & 2s. 6d. from Polish Institute, 81 Portland Pl., W.1. LAN. 1417.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d., post free.

GANYMED Exhibition "Pictures You Can Live With." Granada, Woolwich, until March 27. Admission free.

GERMAN Architecture Today. R.I.B.A., 66 Portland Place, W.1. Till March 24. Mondays-Fridays 10-7; Saturdays 10-5. Admission free.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield St., W.C.2. The London Group. 1st exhib. Artists' Prints & Monotypes. March 9-Apr. 2.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

WOMEN'S International Art Club. Annual Exhibition of Paintings and Sculpture with Sculpture from the U.S.A. and by Helen Phillips. New Burlington Gallery, W.1 (entrance Old Burlington St.), March 18-April 5 inc. Monday to Sat. 10-6, Tues. & Thurs. 10-8 p.m. Admission 1s.

BOROUGH Bottega at the Walker's Galleries, 118 New Bond St. Paintings, Sculpture & Drawings. Mar. 21-April 2.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. The Renato Guttuso and Rodrigo Moynihan Exhibitions and Water-colours by S. R. Badmin. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

THE Arts of the T'Ang Dynasty. Exhibition organised by the Oriental Ceramic Society, Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till March 30. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6, Tues., Thurs., 10-8. Admission free.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. 100 photographs of the Far East by Werner Bischof. Mon.-Fri. 10.30-6 p.m. Closed Suns. Sat. until 1 p.m. Mems. free. Adm. 1s.

LEIGHTON House, 12 Holland Park Rd., Kensington, W.14. A Retrospective Exhibition of Paintings & Drawings by Brian Hatton (1887-1916). March 11-25. Weekdays 11-7, Sats. 11-5. Adm. Free.

HEAL'S New Designs—1955. Exhibition of furniture, fabrics, electric fittings, pottery, etc., by leading designers. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

ARCADE Gallery, 28 Old Bond St., W.1. Off the Beaten Track. Unfamiliar and neglected Masters. March.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Martin Bloch, 1883-1954. Paintings and Drawings.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Paintings by Kikoine. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Closes April 2.

GALLERY One, 1 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Paintings by Souza. 11-5.30 daily.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George Street, W.1. Paintings by Christo Coetzee. Till April 15.

BEN Uri Art Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Paintings by Ziegler. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Sun. 2-5. Till Mar. 28

MARLBOROUGH 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Twentieth Century Masters—Boccioni, Braque, Klee, Matisse, Modigliani, Picasso, Severini, etc. Until April 7.

EVA Hauser Gallery, 281 Finchley Rd., N.W.3. Paintings by Marianne Segal, Pottery by Dorothy Annan, Porcelain by Richard Parkinson. Mar. 21-Apr. 15 dly. 9-6. Adm. free.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Sculpture & Drawings, Aristide Maillol.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., W.1. Paintings by J. D. Fergusson, Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: The Beardsted Collection. Week-days 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 183 Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare Through the Ages; The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Adm. Free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. G. Drain on "The Health Services and their contacts with the general public," Wed., March 23, 7.30 p.m., St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Visitors 2s.

SCHOPENHAUER Society, Caxton Hall, 7.45 p.m. Thursday, March 24: "Schopenhauer and the Bible." Adm. free.

"NUCLEAR Explosions—their long-term effects." Science for Peace Conference, Sat., March 26, 2-6 p.m. Holborn Assembly Hall. Adm. 2s. 6d. Details: Miss E. Parfitt, 18 Fortismere Ave., N.10.

ADLERIAN Society of Great Britain. "Social Psychology and Industry," Dr. J. A. C. Brown, Thurs., March 24, 7.30 p.m. punctually, Friends' House, Euston Rd., N.W.1. Non-members 2s.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

"RELATIONS between Synagogue and Church since the Rise of Christianity"—(2) "The Traditional Attitude to Judaism": Lecture by the Rev. Dr. James Parkes, Sunday, March 20, at 3.30 p.m., at the Liberal Jewish Synagogue (Hall), 28 St. John's Wood Road, N.W.8 (opp. Lord's Cricket Ground). All welcome.

"SOCIAL and Economic Conditions in Israel." Any Questions Session at Royal Society of Arts, 8, John Adam Street, Adelphi, at 6.15 p.m. March 29. Panel: Alderman Mrs. Bentwich, Rt. Hon. Hugh Dalton, M.P., Mr. David Kessler, Mr. H. Margalit. Chairman: Sir Andrew McFadyean. Tickets 2s. from Anglo-Israel Association, 13 Mansfield St., W.1.

ALBERT Howard Memorial Lecture. Louis Bromfield, author of "Pleasant Valley," "The Rains Came," etc., will lecture on his work on Malabar farm in Ohio and Brazil, in the Hall of the Royal Empire Society, Craven St., Charing Cross, on Wed., April 6, at 7 p.m. Tickets from Soil Association, 8F Hyde Park Mansions, N.W.1. PAD. 3666.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Mon., March 21, 8.15 p.m. Jazz Section: An open discussion on "Modern West Coast Jazz," based on records presented by Tommy Whittle and Dill Jones. Members 1s. 6d. Guests 2s. 6d. Tues. March 22, 8.15 p.m. Film and Discussion: "Communications Primer," a film by Charles Eames, followed by discussion led by Professor J. Z. Young. Members 2s. Guests 3s. Wed., March 23, 8.15 p.m. Lecture Illustrated "Impressions of Japan," by Bernard Leach, recently returned from Japan. Members 2s. Guests 3s. Thurs., March 24, 8.15 p.m. Lecture Series: Third of a series of illus. talks on the movies. "A Symposium on Heroines." Chairman: Lawrence Alloway. Members 2s. 6d. Guests 3s. 6d.

SHAW Society: "An Apology at the Age of 77" ("Religion To-day: Is It Necessary?"), by Dr. A. C. Bouquet, author Penguin "Comp. Religion," etc. Nat. Book League, 7 Albemarle St., W.1, Fri., Mar. 25, 7 p.m. Non-mems. 2s. 6d. (if in advance from 45 Steeplestone Close, N.18, includes free 3s. booklet, "Shaw on Censorship").

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesdays at 7 p.m., Mar. 22. Rev. Arthur Peacock (1) "World Religions—Their Changing Pattern." Adm. free. Collection. Junior Discussion Group. 7.15 p.m. To-night, Friday, Mar. 18, M. L. Burnet, "Asian Revolution." Friday, Mar. 25. Miss Dorothy Coulthard, "The New Bulgaria." (Illustrated by films.) Adm. free.

"A REALIST Painter answers Berger." All welcome to discussion in the Refreshment Lounge, St. Pancras Town Hall, Mon., March 28 (8-10.30). Illus. talk by Clifford Rowe. Adm. 2s., students 1s. Coffee Arranged by Communist Party Artists' Group.

BRITAIN and the H-Bomb. Trafalgar Square, March 20, 3 p.m. Hear R. G. Barrett, J. D. Bernal, John Burns, Cllr. Dixon, Barbara Drake, Will Paynter, Harry Pollitt, D. N. Pritt, C.Cllr. Raymonde-Hawkins, Gordon Schaffer. British Peace Cttee. Mtg.

HYDROGEN Bomb. Bertrand Russell, Clement Davies, Prof. Alex. Haddow, Henry Usborne, M.P., Jim Pitman, M.P., Gilbert McAllister. Central Hall, Westminster. Thurs., March 31. Doors open 6.30 Reserved seats 2s. 6d. Apply Parliamentary Assoc. for World Govt., 21 Hampstead Lane, N.6. Federal Union TRA. 2275.

ASSOCIATION of Workers for Maladjusted Children. Lecture by Miss Eileen Younghusband, C.B.E., on "The Maladjusted Child and the Juvenile Court," at 2 p.m., on Saturday, March 19, at the Y.W.C.A. Central Club, Great Russell St., W.C.1.

ALL Nations Social Club. "The Enigma of Japan," by Lord Noel Buxton (recently returned from visit to Japan), Wed., March 23, 8 p.m., 83 Chiltern St. (nr. Baker St. Stn.). Questions and discussion. Non-members 1s. 6d at door.

BOW Group Spring Lecture (No. 7): James Driscoll on "The Trade Unions," March 22, 8 p.m. at Royal Empire Society, Northumberland Ave., W.C.2. Adm. free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

PUBLIC Meeting to commemorate the centenary of the birth of Olive Schreiner, at Caxton Hall, Westminster, S.W.1, on Tuesday, March 29, 7.45 p.m. Chairman Dame Vera Laughton Mathews, D.B.E. Speakers: Rt. Hon. Lord Pethick-Lawrence, P.C., Mrs. Corbett Ashby, LL.D., Miss Vera Brittain, M.A., Mr. E. S. Sachs, Mrs. Florence Earengey, J.P.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns., W.11. Fri., Mar. 18, 8 p.m., Mr. Peter Wiles, "Recent Changes in Soviet Agriculture." Fri., Mar. 25, Dr. L. Zander, "Russian Religious Thought."

PEGASUS Theatre Society, Sunday, March 20, at 8 p.m. in the Oak Room, Arts Theatre Club, Gt. Newport St., Garson Kanin, playwright, producer, film director (author of "Born Yesterday") will answer questions put to him by the audience. Members 1s. 6d. Non-members 2s.

HUNGARY has been a free country for ten years now: Celebration at St. Pancras Town Hall, Sunday, April 3, at 7.30. William Pearson (Scottish Miners' Leader) & János Katona, Hungarian Minister, will speak. Hungarian films and music. Admission 9d. Tickets from British Hungarian Friendship Society, 33 Pembridge Square, W.2. (BAY. 2642.)

"SOVIET Authors I Met"—Jack Lindsay speaks of his conversations with leading writers and poets during the recent Soviet Writers Congress, at the Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1, on Thursday, March 24, at 8 p.m. Adm. R.T.H.C. members 1s. Non-members 1s. 6d. Tickets from Russia To-day Book Club, 36 Spencer Street, E.C.1.

RACIAL Unity: Univ. Extension lectures on Racial Problems. 7 p.m., Monday, March 21, "Background in East Africa," G. W. B. Huntingford, B.Sc., 32 Tavistock Square. Members free. Sub. 5s.

"COMMUNIST Defeat in American Trade Unions"—public lecture by William C. Gausmann, formerly U.S. trade union organiser. 7.30 p.m., Monday, March 21, Kingsway Hall. Admission 1s.

RUMANIAN Contemporary Writers. Talk by L. Zaidman, at Collet's Book Exhibition, 45, Museum St., W.C.1. Monday next, March 21, 7.30. Adm. free.

"FEUDAL Bulgaria and the Bogomil Movement of Popular Discontent." Mrs. Mercia MacDermott. Friends' Meeting House, Euston Rd., 7.45 p.m., Wed., March 23.

"BELIEF and Action in Education." C. Birchenough, M.A., F.C.P., giving Joseph Payne Memorial Lectures in College of Preceptors, 2 Bloomsbury Square, on Tuesday, March 22, at 6.30. Adm. free.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday, 11 a.m., Mar. 20, Dr. W. E. Swinton, Ph.D., "Sir Arthur Keith, F.R.S., Anatomist and Humanist." Adm. free. Free copy Monthly Record on request. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d. Handbills on request.

INDIAN Institute of Culture, London Branch. Public lecture, 8.15, March 25. Dr. Sudhin N. Ghose, "Some Aspects of Buddhist Art" (Illus.). 62 Queen's Gardens, Bayswater.

JOSEPH Murumbi: "The Colonial Problem" New Generation Group, Burgh House, Flask Walk, Nr. Hampstead Tube. Mon., Mar. 21, at 8.

BUDDHIST Society, 16 Gordon Sq., W.C.1. Wed., March 23, 6.30, "The Wisdom of Hui Neng." Mr. Christmas Humphreys.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8. March 26 at 6 p.m. Mr. A. T. Pilley: "The Art of Conference Interpreting" with demonstration on "simultaneous."

LONDON Natural Health Society. 3rd Mon. each month, 7.29 p.m. Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Mar. 21: Lily Loat, "Dangers of Vaccination." Admission free.

HILDE Holger School lecture demonstr. of Mod. Ballet. Apr. 2, 7.30. Childr. & Adults creat. work. Adm. on applic. only. 27 Oval Rd., Regents Pk., N.W.1. GUL. 6822.

PACIFIST Universalist Service, 3.30 p.m. Sunday, March 20, King's Weigh House Church, Binney St., W.1, Nr. Bond St. Stn. Discourse by Mr. Maung Maung Ji, M.A. "Mystical Experience."

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2. Public Lecture Sundays, 8 p.m. March 20: Special Commemoration Meeting—W. Q. Judge Day.

D. G. MACRAE: "The Natural History of Political Parties." The West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sun., March 20, 7 p.m. Music & readings at 6.30.

PERSONALIST Group. "What sexual restrictions have a utilitarian justification?" Buberian Dialogue between J. B. Coates and R. S. W. Pollard, Conway Hall, Thurs., March 24, 7.30 p.m.

DR. T. Elias will speak on "A comparative study of West African constitutions" at W.A.S.U., 13 Chelsea Embkt., S.W.3, 4 p.m. Sun. March 20. All welc.

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More Classified Adverts on pages 413, 414, 415

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